JOHN BULL, AUGUST 2, 1924 — Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. — Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 948. — SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1924 — TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Mrs. ASQUITH'S Strange Confession

by

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

5/- PER WEEK ENABLES YOU TO SECURE YOUR OWN FREEHOLD AT

PEACEHAVEN

THE GREATEST SEASIDE LAND DEVELOPMENT SCHEME IN GREAT BRITAIN

Population 1921, only 24. Population 1924, estimated 3,000.

where land has trebled and quadrupled in value during the past three years. It is bound to go on increasing by leaps and bounds owing to the tremendous development of the Peacehaven Estates that is taking place right along the South Coast from Newhaven to Rottingdean.

Whether you build or not it will still prove one of the most profitable investments you can possibly make. There are still some Freehold Plots available on the new Harbour Heights Estate from £30 upwards.

What an opportunity for you to make a really safe and remunerative investment in a rapidly rising seaside and health resort where land is becoming ever increasingly more valuable as time goes on.

ALL ENQUIRIES MUST BE ADDRESSED TO

The South Coast Land & Resort Co., Ltd., Peacehaven, Sussex.

London Address: Peacehaven House, Pall Mall East, S.W.1 (near Trafalgar Square).

Post This Coupon To-Day

(Only a halfpenny stamp is necessary providing the envelope is unsealed.)

To the Secretary,
The South Coast Land & Resort Co., Ltd.,
Peacehaven, Sussex.

Please send me without charge and post free the brochure containing the remarkable "Story of Peacehaven" with further particulars about Peacehaven, coloured views of the Estates, and explain how I can secure my own Freehold for 5s. per week.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL 2-8-24 .....

Mrs. Mahon Speaks out!

"ALL my married life I have tried to save my husband from himself. I was trying to save him from returning to his old racegoing and betting habits when I unwittingly exposed the tragedy of the bungalow, and laid my husband open to arrest for murder. Now all is lost—the strivings of thirteen years."

MRS. MAHON'S
Exclusive Story
of the
Amazing Tragedy
of
Her Husband's Life
appears only in
The People

The Popular Sunday Paper

Order your copy now!

Reader's Home Devoured by FIRE!

JOHN BULL pays £100

BLACKENED walls, gaping windows, and a heap of charred debris. This is all that now remains of what was once the happy home of Mr. A. Lane, of 60, Pisgah Street, Kenfig Hill, S. Wales. In the small hours of the morning a stray spark started a fire in the chemist's shop next door. Within a few seconds the inflammable stock had become a roaring furnace, and the occupants of the two houses were barely able to escape with their lives.

But note the sequel. Mr. Lane's wife had the foresight to register under "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, and accordingly the couple are in a position to re-establish their home with the aid of the cheque for £100 which "John Bull" has been glad to send for the purpose of replacing the articles which were destroyed.

The next-door neighbour, whose home was devastated by the same fire, did not take the simple precaution of becoming a registered reader of "John Bull." Unfortunately, therefore, he is not qualified to receive the same timely aid that was sent to Mr. Lane.

The moral is obvious—if YOU are not already registered, fill in the forms below to-day.

In addition to the £100 cheque paid to Mr. Lane, "John Bull" has paid many other benefits to its registered readers this week on account of Fire, Storm, Floods, Accidents and Sickness, etc. We give below *only a few* of the names of those who have benefited.

Fire—Up to £400

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE, Co. DURHAM.—T. BROWN, 4, Springwell Terrace, Springwell.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—MR. J. LARBY, 4, Ivy Street.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. PARGETER, 42, Eleanor Street.
THORNABY-ON-TEES.—Mrs. EDITH ALLEN, 14, Primrose Terrace.
MANCHESTER.—JAS. H. CARTWRIGHT, School House, Ashton Lane, Ashton-upon-Mersey.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. S. A. BUXTON, 129, Woodbine Terrace, Hanham Road, Kingswood.
GILFACH GOCH, S. WALES.—Mrs. A. WARMINGTON, 13, Elm Street, Garden City.
OLDHAM.—Mr. F. WARING, 8, Elms Road, Hollins Estate.
TREDEGAR.—Mr. L. JAMES, Chapel House, 26, Bridge Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. W. B. PARR, 93, Dundrennan Road, Langside.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. R. ROSS, 76, James Street.
KINGSTEIGNTON, DEVON.—Mrs. B. H. HEATH, Millhead.
SHIPLEY, YORKSHIRE.—Mrs. W. SMITH, 74, Hurst Wood Road.
FLIMBY, CUMBERLAND.—Mr. T. PEARSON, Allan Hill.
BULWELL, NOTTS.—Mr. G. WILLIAMS, 18, Vere Street.
GATESHEAD.—Mr. A. N. LYALL, 104, Rodsley Avenue.
BRISTOL.—Mr. C. R. JONES, 21, Clifton Road, Clifton.
NORWICH.—Mr. G. A. FROST, 4, Sultzers Court, Botolph Street.

Sickness Benefits £5-5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Small-pox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

TOOTING, S.W.17.—Miss V. CLARKSON, 75, Valnay Street.
WORKINGTON.—Mrs. R. CANFIELD, 16, Jackson Street, Seaton.
HUCKNALL, NOTTS.—Mr. W. DOWN, 36, Florence Street.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. AGNES COX, 112, Lake Port, Landport.
STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.—Mrs. RAYWORTH, 12, Coronation Avenue, Victoria Road.
TAL-Y-CAFN, N. WALES.—Mr. M. E. NEE, Mountain View, Talybont.
GLOUCESTER.—Mr. S. EDWARDS, Wagstaff House, Cinderford Bridge.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. A. SQUIBB, 19, Anglesea Road, Shirley.
GOOLE, YORKS.—Mr. E. RICE, 28, Phœnix Street.
ALNWICK MOOR, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. J. S. HESLOP, Rose Cottage.
BINBROOK, LINCS.—Mr. J. INGHAM, Low Lane.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. M. OXLEY, 91, Garden Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

HOLIDAYS.—JOHN BULL'S *Free Insurance Benefits are extended to registered readers during their stay at hotels, boarding houses or apartments, both as to accident benefits and material damage, the latter limited to £20 to cover personal belongings. Registered readers will be required to show that they purchased* JOHN BULL *when away.*

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature .....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 2/8/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 2/8/24.

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

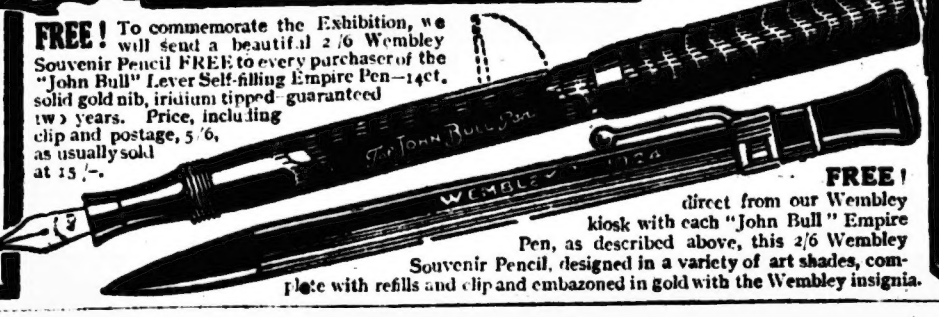
Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

If remittance is sent cross P.O. cheque "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, or broad nib. J.B. 2.8.24.

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE! To commemorate the Exhibition, we will send a beautiful 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil FREE to every purchaser of the "John Bull" Lever Self-filling Empire Pen—14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped guaranteed two years. Price, including clip and postage, 5/6, as usually sold at 15/-.



FREE! direct from our Wembley kiosk with each "John Bull" Empire Pen, as described above, this 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil, designed in a variety of art shades, complete with refills and clip and embazoned in gold with the Wembley insignia.

THIS COUPON BRINGS A **2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR FREE!**

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for Beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to Start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

FACE POWDERS, creams, Shampoos, etc. Ex. Profitable Agencies. Sample range 2/6. "Superlyl," 21, Linwood Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.

DRAPERS, Makers-up, Beginners.—Wholesale List free. Remnants, Cut Lengths.—Levy's, Ltd., 30A, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENCY (Spare Time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.), Bessant, Bright Street, Leicester.

AGENTS WANTED.—Teas and Coffees. Easy Profits.—Smith and Kay, Spring Street, Bury, Lancs.

AGENTS WANTED.—Christmas Chocolate and Tobacco Clubs. Best makes. Generous Terms. No outlay. Write NOW. Partics Free.—Austin Davis, Dept. J.B., Regent St., Sheffield.

AGENTS wanted for renowned "Snowball" Christmas Cards & Calendars. £3 weekly easily made. Samples free. Highest comm., 50 per cent.—Dept. F., Minster Press, Preston.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. Finest goods, highest cash comm. and prizes. Over 50 varieties, including liqueurs. Everything sold under guarantee of satisfaction, or money back.—Particulars free.—Shield Xmas Parcel Co., Bradford.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

TURN your spare time into money. Agents wanted. Sample 4d., enclosing addressed envelope.—Sundries Co., 39, Cable St., Liverpool.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ALL MEN WHO ARE DISCONTENTED WITH THEIR PRESENT JOBS and want a better one at a higher salary, can learn how to get one by reading an interesting Free Book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT.—Become a qualified Motor Driver with Official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., b, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Armourers, Carpenters (for training as Carpenter Riggers), Electricians, Electrical Fitters, Engine Driver Fitters, Instrument Repairers, Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal Workers, and Wireless Operators. Age limits: Ex-Service or skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen, 18 to 30; all others, 18 to 26. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, and 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand.—Only 6 rules and 29 characters.—Send stamp for first lesson, Dutton's College, Desk J., Skegness.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 5/6. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept.60), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay at 20/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 193, Houndsditch, London.

THOSE FIRST GREY HAIRS
Do not neglect them. Tatcho-tone, the one safe remedy, will bring back their original colour. 4/6 all chemists and stores. Sample bottle for test purposes will be mailed, privately packed, post free for 8d.
Tatcho-tone Co., 5 Great Queen St., London, W.C.2

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

IF YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular JOHN BULL Want-Ad. user writes: "*I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it.*" Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge 24/-.—For further proof of the pulling power of JOHN BULL Want Ads., or in sending an ad., address Small Advertisements Manager, JOHN BULL, 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road Leeds.

FREE!—Beautifully coloured folders of latest JUNO Cycles and JUNO Baby Cars. State whether Cycle or Baby Car List required.—Address: Juno Cycle and Baby Car Co., Dept. D3, 168 and 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

TRY MILLS' RUBBER SHAVING BRUSH and you will never go back to the old-fashioned method of slapping your face up and down to soften the skin. Send for free explanatory pamphlet.—Address: Mills Patent Pneumatic Rubber Shaving Brush Co., Ltd., No. 2J, Swan Mead, London, S.E.

NOW IS THE TIME for you to buy your new cycle—a Hearn Cycle. Catalogue of this and other high-grade mounts free on receipt of a post-card. Send for this money-saving catalogue to-day to Hearn Cycle Co. (Dept. X.), 254, Gray's Inn Road, London. W.C.1.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

DON'T BE BULLIED.—Send 4d. stamps for 2 Illus. Sample Lsns. in Jujitsu.—YAWARA (J.B.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Mx.

POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE HAD EVERYTHING EXCEPT

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK

The irony of fate—and Robinson with a razor and brush, as the artist shows you! No user of Erasmic can imagine himself without it. Erasmic is the Shaving Stick of strong men with strong beards. It has a potent but soothing lather.

BRITISH — THEREFORE BEST

E.R. 37-54 Erasmic, Perfumers, London

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM. W.C.2.

TENNIS SECRETARIES and others requiring best Rackets, special terms.—Apply, Reliance Direct Supplies, 37, Albemarle St., London, W.1.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 283-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

SOAP.—Finest Household, purity guar., 1 cwt. 29/-, ¼ 15/6, 28 lb. 8/6, in 4-lb. bars, carr. paid.—Realm Co., Port Eglinton, Glasgow.

A REAL Footwear Bargain!—Gent's high-class tan Willow Calf Boots or Shoes, sold elsewhere 27/6. Special Price, 19/6. Same model black Box Calf 17/6, post paid. Sizes 6 to 10.—Wilsons, 101, Avenham Lane, Preston.

GUNS.—Gradual payments. Not the lowest-priced Guns, as these must obviously be made in the cheapest manner possible, but thoroughly safe, sound and reliable weapons. A credit to ourselves and a pleasure to the user. Send for list.—Thos. Wild, 17, Whittall St., Birmingham.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free.—47, Smae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

"HOW TO BECOME A FILM ARTISTE" tells you the way it is done. Price 2/3 post free.—Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins.—Catalogue Free. Douglas, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

PILES, SORES, & ALL SKIN DISEASES.—YROC, the Wonder Cure of an age-old Italian Monastery. Amazing results. 1/3 oz. tin proves it.—Yroc, 334, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

RUPTURE TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—A certain cure, instant relief guaranteed. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, failure impossible. This new scientific discovery SENT ON TRIAL. Expert Male and Female Attendants. Call, write or 'phone for sworn testimonials and booklet "A."—Le Brasseur Surgical Manuf. Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Branch Office, 90, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Partics free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation, Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

BLUSHING, Nervousness. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 14), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Ailing people. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never Fail. No drugs. Trial free.—Percivals, Ld., 67, St. Albans.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing complaint in children, invalids, and adults quickly cured by "PARKER'S REMEDY." Invaluable to ladies of middle age. 3/- bottle at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Write for partics.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS—use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DR. HALL'S FAMILY HERBAL PILLS.—A safe and reliable remedy for the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS; removes disorders equally common to men, women and children. Prevents physical discomfort and ill-health. No household should be without a supply. 45 pills 9d. Double quantity, 1/3, post free.—HALL'S HYGIENE CO., LTD., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

IS YOUR CHILD FRETFUL?—If so, try Hendry's cooling and teething powders. In use twenty-five years. Price 1/3, post free. State age of children when ordering.—Hendry, 207, Southampton Street, London, S.E.5.

FITS Positively Cured.—Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

CRESTONA Iced Chocolate Cake is delicious—easily made from Crestona Chocolate Cake Mixture. 9½d. packet makes a cake. Your Grocer sells it.

A BOOK ON HERBS.—How to blend, make and take them; sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

CYDER, sweet or dry, well matured. 1/9 per Gallon in cask. Carriage paid. Free sample.—S. WRIGHT & CO., Walkern, Herts.

THE "PICTUREGOER" PORTFOLIO of Kinema Celebrities contains the following sixteen magnificent photogravure portraits, size 10 in. by 8½ in., and all worth framing:—Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Pearl White, Douglas Fairbanks, Constance Talmadge, Ralph Graves, Charles Chaplin, Pauline Frederick, Mary Miles Minter, Lillian Gish, Thomas Meighan, William S. Hart, Richard Barthelmess, Jackie Coogan, William Farnum, Price, the set complete, 1/2 post free.—Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SEND your name and address and the name and address of your Chemist to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 37 V.), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1, and a free trial tube of Gibbs' Shaving Cream will be sent to you post free.

A BIG CHANCE for everyone appears on page 25 in the advertisement of the BRITISH EMPIRE BALLOT. Instead of one first prize, there are ten first prizes, so that your chance of winning is multiplied ten times. Tickets 2/6 each, or 5 for 10/-. Use the coupon appearing in *John Bull*.

SALZIUM BATH SALTS.—A generous sample will be sent on receipt of name and address, together with 2d. in stamps to cover postage. Address: Henry J. Smith (Chemists), Ltd. (Dept. X4), 2, Stanley Rd., Acton, London, W.3.

CHRISTMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.

Agents required to form Christmas Clubs amongst friends. Only best makes supplied. Big commission, no outlay. Send p.c. for particulars—POPULAR CO., Dept. B, 71-73, Judd Street, London, W.C.1.

The One Cigarette that NEVER varies.

Always a consistent high quality of pure matured Virginia Tobacco, free from adulteration of any kind. Always pure rice paper and a clean cork tip. No cigarette in the country has that smooth smoking quality so immediately noticeable in Craven "A." IT'S MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS.

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

136 Years Reputation for Quality

Made by Carreras Ltd.

20 for 1/-

Sp 8/A.12. Brunlys

Vol. XXXVI. No. 948.
Week ending Saturday,
Aug. 2, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: GERRARD 9866.

Telegrams: HERONALLY, LONDON.

Sixes and Sevens.

Two well-defined Parties are appearing in the Government ranks. The Labour Party is no longer united on policy.

Finding Their Feet.

Militarists and Anti-Militarists, Free Traders and Protectionists, form their own groups, and add to the Premier's difficulties in handling his strangely assorted team.

Fixing the Date.

The political situation with regard to an election is crystallising. There is a determination not to allow another Labour Budget. A General Election in January or February, at the latest, is a safe bet.

Waiting for a Trump.

Much depends on the result of the Allied Conference. If it is successful, Mr. MacDonald will go to the country at once; he will not wait to be thrown out.

Sanity Wins.

French opposition to the evacuation of the Ruhr can be disregarded. She has been told bluntly "No evacuation, no money"—and she dare not face a bankrupt franc.

Not Simon Pures.

Some recent contributions to the war-chest of the I.L.P. have aroused considerable interest as to their source. Despite a Labour Government, we have not heard the last of the game of "Party funds."

Calling the Tune.

When it comes to dictation of policy, rich trade unions are as effective as baronets—providing their dictation rests on a foundation of substantial cheques.

A Good Question.

This week the Government is to be asked for its unemployment policy. There are well over a million unemployed voters who will note its reply.

Now's His Chance.

Mr. Wheatley has at last wakened to the fact that houses can be built of other things than bricks. If he has the pluck, now is the time to throw down the challenge to the twin building rings.

Lord Pip-and-Squeak.

Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* plumed itself one day last week on having excluded from its columns the advertisements of a certain famous remedy, "with two unimportant and inadvertent exceptions." It overlooked the fact that some two score of these advertisements appeared in the *Daily Mail* in the early part of 1922. They have also appeared in Lord Rothermere's other papers, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*.

A Paisley Peerage?

There is not a shawl thick enough in all Paisley to keep Mr. Asquith out from the cold at the next election. The "Old Man" has been asked not to fight again. Ramsay MacDonald would be quite agreeable to bestow a peerage.

Our Modern Dictators.

To-day, the representatives of forty unions are meeting to decide whether the country shall have electrical power or not. Trade unions have nothing to learn from Mussolini.

Slapdash Methods.

The disturbing fact is that, although there was a majority of 2,518 for a strike, *less than half the electrical workers voted.* Parliament should devote some attention to these misleading ballots.

Better Than Cure.

It is significant that the British Medical Association has in recent times been chiefly concerned with the prevention of disease rather than with the attack on it. A falling death-rate proves the wisdom of this changed outlook.

A Crushing Indictment.

The Health Insurance returns reveal the fact that 14,000,000 working weeks are lost annually through sickness. No, *we* don't know what the Ministry of Health is for.

Some Swindle.

From 1920–1922 employers paid in insurance premiums £22,060,332. Injured workers in the same period received only £8,757,891. Who got away with the other £13,000,000?

War v. Health.

For potential life-destruction the tax-payer is being forced this year to spend £114,000,000. For potential life-saving he is only asked for £22,000,000. This is not civilisation. It is insanity.

McKenna's Future.

"Conversations" were renewed last week between the Unionists and Mr. McKenna. The Tories think that one of the Universities would prove a more congenial hunting-ground for the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer than the City of London.

READER'S HOME DEVOURED BY FIRE!
JOHN BULL PAYS £100.
(See page 2)

Sitting On It.

When Mr. Webb tells us that the rise in flour prices is excessive, he says what we all know. Where's that Bill to prevent profiteering?

Blissful Ignorance.

Asked about the price of bread, the London Master Bakers' Association says, "We do not know where we are." When it adds, "We ought to put up bread prices immediately," it rather spoils the effect.

On the Brink.

The mutterings of revolt are heard all over India, and in certain districts the laws have definitely broken down. Parliament should make an early effort to force a disclosure of what is really happening behind the scenes.

Always Too Late.

The way the building strike has been allowed to drag on is scandalous. When will the Minister of Labour realise that his duty is to prevent strikes?

Below the Belt.

The mine-owners who are refusing to honour the national agreement deserve the severest censure. Small wonder there is labour unrest when employers set such a blatant example.

Happy John Burns.

When you hear the rumours about John Burns coming forward as an Independent Labour Candidate, don't believe them. "Honest John" is canny enough to know when he is well off and happy—as he is at present.

"The Golden Mile."

There is a place in South Wales where 6d. is levied on every ton of coal raised, because the only exit is through a private park. Claude Duval was not the last of the highwaymen.

A Challenge.

The *Morning Post* says that the charge that royalty owners are parasites on the mining industry is unfounded. We challenge it to produce evidence of any return given by them for their royalties.

Something We Can Praise.

Mr. Trevelyan's broad educational vision is a welcome change from the misguided Geddes policy. A nation is judged by its educational standard. We are on the right road at last.

A Case for Legislation.

Both the British Pharmaceutical Society and the responsible proprietors of patent medicines are agreed that the time has come for some sort of regulation of sales. Dangerous drugs should at least be so labelled.

Britain's Disgrace.

Lord Haig asks for £25,000 to meet the immediate needs of ex-Service men who are in want. Do you remember when the posters said: "A grateful country will never forget you"?

Condoning Inefficiency.

The request for increased ambulance facilities in London, on which we commented last week, has been calmly turned down. Someone will be sorry for this at the next municipal elections.

A Scandal.

Write to any steamship company about a job as steward and you will get the answer that there are no vacancies, but in any case there are more than enough candidates to fill any vacancies likely to arise at any time. But that does not prevent hundreds of people collecting fees by representing their ability to secure such posts for clients.

Heavy-handed Justice.

Thomas Kelly, a nineteen-year-old boy, of Castlegate, Huddersfield, has been sent to jail for a fortnight for gambling. The wicked fellow was seen tossing a coin with other boys in a field. There was nothing against him previously. He can reflect in jail on the strange forgetfulness of the magistrates who appear to have overlooked the fact that there is such a thing as The First Offenders Act.

Civilisation.

"I am fed up with life. Every day the same old routine of walking about. Let them draw the dole that like it. I have only had three weeks of it, but that is enough for me." That was what Arthur John Prime Wager of 20, Hardington Place, Marylebone, wrote in a letter before taking his life. And it is the great tragedy of to-day—tragedy that goes almost unnoticed.

Marred Motherhood.

Imagine a man and woman reeling in drunken conflict, a lighted lamp thrown, the room in flames. On the table lies a three-months' old baby flung there like so much neglected rubbish so that the mother's arms may be free for fighting. This was the scene which confronted a N.S.P.C.C. inspector at Leamington. There were four children in the family. Poor mites! There are black spots as well as bright in this world.

Good for the little 'un!

Little Jessie Milne, of Murdoch's Wynd, Elgin, may be only seven years of age, but she has presence of mind that many people might envy. Falling from a bridge, Jessie found herself sinking in deep water. On coming to the surface, however, she managed to turn over on her back, and although unable to swim, she kept herself afloat by moving her arms, until rescued by an angler who was fishing some distance away. There's pluck for you!

Somebody Blundered.

Who was responsible for the irritating delay in printing the Prevention of Evictions Act? As there were no printed copies available until ten days after the Act had received the Royal Assent, neither the Courts nor the lawyers knew where they were, and with the Long Vacation close upon us, the hold-up made matters all the more difficult for tenants with eviction orders hanging over their heads. The blunder should be made bad business for somebody!

Murdered by a Mob.

When the Ushaw Moor 'bus rumbled into Waddington Street, Durham City, a rush was made for it by a callous crowd. Some of the members of it would not stop struggling for seats in the 'bus even though they were told that the life of John E. Robinson, a miner, was being crushed out beneath its wheels. The deputy coroner said he was glad Durham citizens were not responsible for the scene. But why was it not prevented by the police?

A Woman's Reputation.

Constables in the West End must be more methodical than P.C. S. Coote before they bring charges of soliciting against women. A single woman was charged at Marlborough-street, although P.C. Coote admitted that he did not speak to the three men she was said to have accosted nor did he take their names. The woman was, of course, discharged, the magistrate expressing the hope that the unsatisfactory evidence would be brought to the notice of Scotland Yard. Coote must become acuter!

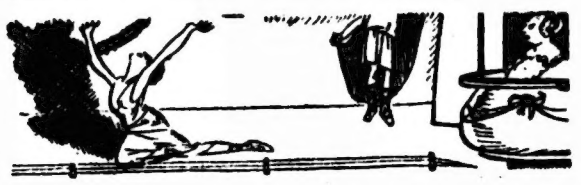
After the Servants.

Dr. Winifred Pigott has told the Sanitary Congress the plain truth that a large number of the unmarried girls suffering from venereal disease are young servants. The fact reveals the character of lust-sleuths who are unfortunately ever on the look-out for young victims fresh from the country.

Live and Let Live.

The Hardingstone (Northamptonshire) Guardians evidently believe in fair-play. When a Mahommedan applied to them for help, explaining that his own people had refused to have anything to do with him because he had lost caste through eating bacon while serving with the Bengal Lancers, the Board granted the man relief. It's the British spirit!

The Human Machine.



HOW TO MAKE MONEY

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

HAS it ever struck you what a lot of time most of us waste in useless envy of our neighbours? And in useless endeavours to be like them?

"Miss X. has made a wonderful success as an actress. Why shouldn't I? Mr. Jones has made a fortune by writing. Why shouldn't I do the same?" We've all heard this sort of thing. Most of us have said it.

It is one of the greatest fallacies of human nature to try to do something merely because someone else has made a success of it. But for one who succeeds in this task of envious imitation there are a thousand who fail.

If you ask me why, I reply that you are You, and Miss X. is Miss X. It is such a simple answer that we are apt to overlook it.

Put yourself under the microscope. Somewhere in your composition there is some power, some combination of qualities, that marks you out from the rest of the world.

There is in everybody the possibility of originality, and the world is eagerly waiting for your contribution.

Analyse yourself. Forget what other people are doing. Realise that Miss X. and Mr. Jones are making fortunes because they have found the job they can do best—and are doing it.

Find the job you can do best. There are no rewards for the man who is content to remain in the rut.

Somewhere in you is the thing for which the world is waiting. Find it. Dig it out.

It will be worth money to you, for, because you are You—and no one else is exactly like you—it will be unique.

That is what the world pays heavily for.

Magisterial Inconsistency.

The Fishguard Bench have a curious way of making distinctions between delinquents. Recently they fined a motorist 10s. for forgetfulness in having left his driving licence at home while he took a short run to test a repaired machine, and a few moments later, in a case in which a defendant was carrying an expired licence, which in law is the equivalent of having no licence at all, they considerately termed his fault an oversight and dismissed the charge! Such glaring inconsistency only serves to bring the administration of justice into contempt.

The Day for the Deed.

Nearly 2,000 years ago the Pharisees protested to Christ that He had plucked ears of wheat on the Sabbath. In 1924, the vicar of Hurdsfield, Macclesfield, requests that the bereaved do not tend the graves of their dead in the churchyard on the Sabbath. Will the clergy *never* learn the New Testament?

A Blot on Bournemouth.

When Frederick Arthur Court, knocked down by a motor, lay dying in a Bournemouth street, several people deliberately walked away without attempting to assist him. It was not *their* business! Though human nature is far from perfect, it seldom descends to such depths of callousness.

Curse of Monte Carlo.

Tragedy lurks behind the garish glitter, so beloved of the gossip-writers, of Monte Carlo. Mrs. Leveson-Browne, once a woman of wealth, lost the last of her fortune at Monte Carlo and came to Budleigh Salterton, where she poisoned herself on the Devon cliffs. She is yet another victim of the syndicate that battens on the follies and frailties of women!

Life on Board.

Foreign boats in British harbours are sometimes floating hells, and down in their depths there are scenes of appalling immoralities in which white girls and depraved alien sailors participate. In one Northern port the vigilant police found a number of almost nude girls aboard, and were just in time to prevent scandalous happenings. In what way does the Home Secretary intend to put a stop to this awful state of affairs?

The Climb to Safety.

Joseph Heron, 23, Elder Park Street, Govan, is a scoundrel of the worst type. After assaulting his wife, he threatened her with a pointed iron bar, so terrifying the poor woman that she left the house by the window, taking her child with her, and, walking along a narrow ledge about twenty feet from the ground, she sought refuge in a neighbour's house. What brutes some men are.

The Night Club Queen.

Time after time we have denounced Kate Merrick and her notorious night clubs, particularly the "Forty Three." Following upon our article last week, Mrs. Merrick appeared at Bow Street and was fined £400, while some of her associates were also heavily mulcted. Long ago we said this woman ought to be in jail. Last week the magistrate observed that if she again appeared before him she would go to prison. It is time this impudent and profitable defiance of the law was definitely stopped.

The Brutes Parade.

Sydney Robinson, Bertie Hunter, and Charles Robinson, of Hull were discovered amusing themselves by stoning a duck to death in a ditch. The bird was picked up with one of its eyes knocked out, one of its wings broken completely in two, and wounds on its back, but still living. Yet Sydney Robinson had the audacity to declare that the duck was dead before the stoning commenced. The magistrates, one of whom was a woman and another a naval officer fined them only £1 1s. each!

Lost in London.

Mrs. Eva Hatcher, the wife of Flight-Lieut. C. J. W. Hatcher, left her mother's home near Rochester on July 4th to come to London in order to be near her husband, who is a patient at the Central R.A.F. Hospital at Finchley. She was seen at 6 p.m. entering a taxi-cab at Charing Cross, but from that moment she disappeared. She is an exceptionally attractive young woman of slight build, with fair bobbed hair and blue eyes, and her husband, with thoughts of white slavers in his mind, is distracted with anxiety, yet the police seem powerless to assist him. Surely Scotland Yard is not so busy over the dead that it cannot help to trace the living!

Misguided Leniency.

When motorists are convicted of manslaughter a sentence of two months' imprisonment strikes us as entirely inadequate. Road-hogs will not be cured until they know they risk penal servitude.

A Chance.

We have no objection to young police officers earning promotion by the cases they work up, if only they display their activity in the right quarter. Ambitious young men might earn promotion by a little more zeal against the traffic in "Novelties" alleged to be from Paris. The only thing novel about these filthy productions is that they seem to be sold with impunity.

The Tanks' Lullaby.

Mr. Justice Sankey has done a public service in refusing the War Office an order to continue in occupation near Lulworth Cove, Dorset. They wanted to squat there another two years, and said it was impossible to get out at once. We thought the feature of Tanks was their mobility! Evidently it is not a feature of the War Office when they have a beauty spot in their clutches.

Droll Stories.

There are people who make it a duty to be present in Assize Courts when there are filthy cases to be tried. The more shocking the evidence the more entertaining it is to them, and at times they roll with laughter. They did in Mr. Justice Swift's Court at Leeds when two beastly men were being tried for incest with their sister. And they were promptly turned into the street—a lesson that was needed.

Quite British!

The British Empire Exhibition was promoted to exhibit to the world the might and resources of this country and its Dominions. The menu of the recent dinner to the delegates of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World at the Lucullus Restaurant in its grounds was printed in French! Even in an ordinary restaurant the use of a foreign language is a form of snobbery, but at Wembley such a thing should never have been allowed to happen.

No Reductions.

At a well-known cinema house in Hull, patrons who pay a shilling for admission occupy the same seats as heretofore, but their tickets, which were formerly printed "Admission 9d. Tax 3d." now read "Admission 10d. Tax 2d." Thus the proprietor pockets an unearned penny, while the poor people in whose interests the tax was reduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer are no better off than before. The same thing is happening in all parts of the country. If Mr. Snowden cannot stop it he may as well re-impose the tax.

Alexander Again.

F. Alexander, the get-rich-quick money-making scheme merchant, who, when we last exposed him, was carrying on his gull hunt from 1, Loom Court, Blossom Street, London, E., has since blossomed forth as "The Strand Participation Co.," and is conducting his business from 40, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C. Though he has camouflaged his name his methods remain the same, even to the offer of "a valuable free gift" to encourage people to part with their half-crowns. His suggestion of participation in profits is a snare and a delusion.

Spanish Lotteries.

For several years "The Bouveret Sports Club," of St. Maurice, Valais, Switzerland, dealt extensively in tickets in Spanish lotteries, but the "Club" was eventually closed, the reason given being that letters were intercepted by the British Postal Authorities acting on instructions from the Home Office. The business in apparently still being carried on in defiance of the Home Office by an individual named L. Steffen, who uses the address of the Palace Hotel, Montreux, Switzerland. We know nothing of Steffen except that his name was supplied to correspondents by the secretary of the defunct "Club," but we do not recommend any dealings with him.

Aggravation.

What aggravates the offence of the bogus bookmakers we have been exposing lately is that in nearly every instance the names adopted are close imitations of those of well established firms. It is not by accident that such names are chosen, and we suggest that the honest firms should take a hand in the crusade against the rogues.

Linger Longer Lino.

Within a fortnight of the publication of our paragraph under the above heading a Receiving Order has been made against C. M. Bennett, of 49, Boyson Road, Camberwell Gate, London, S.E., who ran what he was pleased to call "The Cheapest Linoleum House in England." We hope the Official Receiver will endeavour to discover what Bennett did with the money sent to him by several readers who waited for months and never received the goods they had ordered.

Problems of Life.

WORKING UNDER PRESSURE

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A MEDICAL friend once said to me: "Half the ills I am asked to cure are caused by the tension at which we live; we never seem to have time enough to do all that is expected of us."

This statement may sound absurd in view of the fact that over a million would-be workers are out of employment, but it accords with experience.

The conditions which produce the tension are largely the same as those which produce the unemployment.

One of the anomalies of our age is that while one set of people has too little to do, or does nothing at all, another has to toil at too great a pace.

The Trade Unionist who pursues a policy of "ca'canny" in order that work may be more widely distributed seldom extends the same franchise to his wife.

Does the harassed housekeeper who also happens to be the mother of a young family often succeed in rounding off her day to her own satisfaction?

Labour with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

Most of us are pushed and driven too much to permit of our doing the best of which we are capable.

It is a wrong state to live in, and we can only escape it by cultivating what some moralists have called "collectedness"—that is, we must learn to hold ourselves in hand; to remain interested in, yet detached from and above, the task of the moment; to keep always something in reserve.

If we can succeed in doing this the strain of life will not be able to reduce us to hopeless uninspiring servitude.

Deport Patsy.

The police profess to have located the elusive Patsy O'Farrell, but say they cannot prosecute because they have no prosecutor to give evidence against him. That may be, but they have enough evidence to justify a plain hint to the elusive one that he should return forthwith to the land of the more or less free. The French Government knows enough to refuse Patsy permission to land on French soil now, but he was allowed to return here without question after an unsuccessful interview with the French authorities.

A Grabbing Hand.

George Bruce, of 31, Gordon Street, Wolverhampton, is a turf tipster. As an inducement to punters to send him 4s. for two trial predictions, he holds out, on paper, a handful of notes and gold with the printed legend, "Sportsmen! The Hand of Prosperity is Open to You!!" He promises that if his selections are not successful he will forward free of charge his "Sports Indicator," a system which he says he sells at £2 2s. Complaints from many readers indicate that his selections are as worthless as his system, which consists simply in backing a losing horse until it wins!

Moneylenders and Pensions.

We are so accustomed to complaints of the fee-snatching propensities of moneylenders that we are not surprised to learn from a reader's experience that L. Epstein, of 23, Queen's Square, Belfast, is no better than his brethren in this respect. There is, however, another unpleasant feature of his business. He tacks on to the usual "Borrow Without Security" snare an intimation of his readiness to cash pension vouchers "on small commission." This is becoming all too common, and it is a pity that it is not made a penal offence for moneylenders to negotiate pensions in any way whatever.

He Keeps on Walking.

Lately a salesman was busy in the Birmingham district selling shampoo powders to small shopkeepers, promising free gifts as an inducement to purchase at least half a gross. Most of them have found the powders unsaleable, and the promised presents have not materialised. The only name given by this sharp salesman was "Walker, Manchester," which may be as good as anything else for his purpose, but it does not afford much opportunity of pursuing him and demanding the fulfilment of his promises. We advise anyone else he may call on to ask for the free gifts before parting with their money.

The Indecent Postcard Nuisance.

A correspondent in Stockport sends us half-a-dozen grossly indecent picture postcards with unnamable filth written on them. He says that these have been sent to him, and similar cards are being constantly sent to him, with a London postmark. He does not know the sender. We shall be pleased to place these pictures at the disposal of the police if they wish to find the dirty blackguard who is sending them out. Such things are an offence to decent feeling, and the perpetrator could not be too severely dealt with.

Bad Business.

The business methods of a concern called the Floor-Noleum Company, 132D, Brixton Hill, London, S.W., seem to be badly in need of revision. A Somerset reader who sent them £4 6s. for a quantity of floor covering early in May received two mutually contradictory letters regarding the date on which the goods were supposed to have been despatched, but they have never been delivered, and the Floor-Noleum Company ignore all requests for an explanation. They have our reader's cash, but not the courtesy to reply to polite enquiries. Evidently drastic measures need to be taken with them.

Wearing Thin.

Among many complaints concerning "The Veget Wearproof Clothing Co.," Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., is one from a Whitstable reader, who was so disgusted with the shoddy stuff sent him after two months' delay that he went straight to the police with it. On their advice he at once returned the garments and demanded his money back. The only reply was an assertion that "errors have occurred in packing," and after further weeks of waiting he is still without either the clothes or the cash. These "errors" are so common as to necessitate the use of a printed postcard, and in our opinion the excuse is wearing very thin.

Worried into Her Grave

A widow's struggle to keep a family on 4s. a week.

THE tragic death of the wife of an ex-soldier named Frederick Roskell, of Greengate Street, Barrow-in-Furness, to which we briefly referred in a recent issue under the heading "Left in the Lurch," has had a sequel in the House of Commons which reveals a state of things that must give rise to serious misgivings regarding the treatment of war heroes, and the care of their dependents.

Mrs. Roskell, who was only thirty-five years of age, dropped dead a month ago, leaving her five little children who are, to all intents and purposes, fatherless, to the mercies of the Guardians of the Poor. There can be little doubt that her untimely end was accelerated by the constant worry which she had had regarding the refusal of the Ministry of Pensions to accept responsibility for her husband's condition.

Frederick Roskell was discharged from the Army in 1918, suffering from disordered action of the heart and the effects of gun-shot wounds in the left thigh and forearm. For these disabilities he was awarded a final pension of 11s. 6d. a week, but a much worse calamity which had befallen him was overlooked. This was the derangement of his mind, which culminated in complete insanity and necessitated his confinement in Lancaster Asylum.

The Deaf Ministry

The Ministry of Pensions turned a deaf ear to the wife's claim for a higher assessment of the degree of her husband's disability, declaring that his mental disorder was "not attributable to military service."

An appeal was lodged against this decision, but meanwhile the poor woman had not even the benefit of the pittance of 11s. 6d. a week upon which the Ministry apparently expected her to support herself and her five children, for the Guardians took from it 7s. 6d. for the maintenance of her lunatic husband!

As a result of our reference to the matter, Mr. F. C. Linfield, the Member for Mid Bedford, asked the Minister of Pensions in the House of Commons what steps he proposed to take with regard to the children.

What a Mockery!

He received a reply to the effect that the case had been "satisfactorily settled," the Ministry having at last decided that Roskell's mental condition should properly be regarded as directly connected with his war service, and that the claim to a pension having now been admitted, adequate provision would be made for the children.

To assert that a case in which delayed justice has resulted in such a tragedy has been "satisfactorily settled" seems to us, in the circumstances, a strange misuse of words. Money cannot restore to these little ones the mother they have lost.

Justice with the Lid Off

WE had thought that a Minister of the Labour Government would have looked after the interests of a working man. But promise and practice are different things, and the Home Office goes to sleep when the sufferer is only a dole-drawer.

IN the olden days the Lord Chancellor was the "Keeper of the King's Conscience." It was his duty to see that justice was done, and that the protection of the king was extended to all his Majesty's lieges, however humble.

To-day that duty largely devolves upon the Home Secretary. In theory, he is the protector and friend of the poor and unfortunate, of all those who are in danger or distress. Let us see how this works out in practice.

A man named Bodman had the misfortune to be out of work, a fate unfortunately too common in this country at this time. He registered at the Labour Exchange, in the hope that that institution might be able to find him work, and in the meantime drew the dole.

To a self-respecting man it is very humiliating to draw the dole. Bodman felt that acutely. He did not wait for the Labour Exchange to find him a job. He went out and looked for one himself—and got it.

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, whose attention we directed to a grave blunder.

The dole is paid weekly. Mr. Bodman drew his amount on Friday. Before the next week had expired, that is on the Wednesday following the dole-drawing Friday, he got a job by his own initiative. He began at once, very glad to do so.

Two days later—on the Friday, when his unemployment dole was again due—he went down to the Labour Exchange to tell the glad tidings that he had got a job. He was complimented, and invited to sign off. He signed the papers put before him, and departed in peace, taking with him the money he thought was due to him, regarding dole as accruing from Friday to Friday not merely from day to day.

Then somebody making the enquiries from the employer that are required, found that the man had begun work on Wednesday, but had not reported till Friday. He therefore owed two days' dole overpaid him, because he was too busy on the first two days of his new job to report at the Labour Exchange. Besides, he thought Friday the right day to report.

He was not asked to refund the money. He was summoned for defrauding the State of six shillings, convicted and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment.

Rough justice—very rough, on Bodman. At Marylebone, a man named Stubbings, of Charlton Street, St. Pancras, was summoned for illegally drawing the dole and also, at the same time, unemployment benefit. He was cheerfully doing this, not for two days, but for six months. He was sentenced to one day's imprisonment. It was not his first offence.

Contrast the case of Bodman, who acted in good faith—a surely pardonable error.

He lost his job. Happily, between the time of complaint to his employer by the authorities and the trial, he got another. He stood to lose that if he went to prison. The magistrate was applied to in the circumstances to alter the sentence to a fine instead of imprisonment. On learning the facts he at once did so.

But it was too late. Bodman had left for prison. Only the Home Secretary, the Keeper of the King's Conscience, could get him out. The magistrate wrote to the Home Secretary. Nothing happened except—that Bodman spent the night in jail.

Next day nothing happened, though a reply had been promised. Next day nothing also happened, except that Bodman was kept in jail. The same thing on the following day. At the end of the week the Home Secretary woke up. He did not immediately release the man, *to be fined as the magistrate had sentenced him to be.* Having been kept till the end of the week, his sentence was reduced by four days.

Nobody wanted the Home Secretary to wake up and pass a new sentence of six days' imprisonment instead of ten. He was only asked to carry out the magistrate's revised sentence.

He ignored it. He kept poor Bodman in jail, spite of the magistrate, until he lost his job and went back on the dole.

This is a poor performance for the Keeper of the King's Conscience—a scandalous insult to the magistrate, a cruel injustice to a poor man. Will Mr. Arthur Henderson find out which of his officials is responsible for this serious blunder.

The truth is that the honest poor, the people who want to work, are made into loafers and their spirit broken by the jugglers with strangling red tape. Why was not this man allowed to pay back the few shillings overdrawn in error? Are all dole-drawers expected to be accountants, moving easily in a maze of figures and regulations?

Why did not the officials ask the man when he started work? Why did the Home Office ignore the magistrate's eleventh hour effort to save a man?

Lunatics Left at Large

We cannot afford to let lunatics roam about the country. There are already enough dangers for helpless people.

IF a person escapes from a lunatic asylum, and manages to conceal his whereabouts for a lunar month, he is no longer a lunatic according to the law. That is to say, he cannot again be placed under detention until he has again been certified.

But there are limits to this theory. The first is that the authorities should make every effort to find the escaped lunatic, and it is clearly an imperative duty for the public safety to make every effort to get such a man under control again.

A man named Charles Boyle was tried the other day for the murder of his mother and of two defenceless little children. It is a terrible and tragic story. Boyle came out of hospital and went straight to his home in Springfield Place, off Garscube Road, Glasgow.

He went upstairs and cut his mother's throat with a razor. Two little children, who were strangers to Boyle, were playing outside the door. They got frightened, and Boyle dragged them into the house and cut their throats too.

Then he went quietly to the police and said, putting his hand to his head, "I am not right. But I did it purposely in order to get the rope."

From this bare recital, it must be obvious to everybody that Boyle is a lunatic. But we must not stop at that deduction. Boyle was also an "escaped" lunatic!

Some years ago he was arrested by the police for strange conduct; and while under medical observation in hospital he attempted to kill himself by drinking ammonia. He was committed to a lunatic asylum from which, some time later, he made his escape.

He is a cripple suffering from infantile paralysis, and is officially described as "mentally deficient." If the authorities had watched for him at his home they would no doubt have found him there. But they did not watch him for twenty-eight days, and he became a free man! Even then it was their duty to watch him. A mentally deficient cripple without resources cannot stray very far.

Some time later he was sent to the poorhouse, certified as suffering from infantile paralysis. Twice subsequently he was in hospitals, but nobody thought it their duty to trace his record or to have him certified and placed under permanent control. The result is that he committed this shocking crime.

This is a scandal to those who are responsible for the public safety.

Hounding a Man to Hell

TRULY there is no place like home, but in these days the trouble with many is that there is no place to call home. Here is the poignant story of a man and his wife who were forced to break the law.

ROBERT BURNS, the great Scottish poet, was a profound student of human nature, and he put his philosophy of life in a nutshell when he wrote :

To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

That is the vision of the poet. Here is the hard, cold, prosaic story of a man fighting a desperate battle for his wife and children. Something is wrong with the State when a man has to fight such a battle unaided.

Albert Marman is a fruit-seller. He sold fruit from a barrow in High Street, Battersea—which is practically an open market.

One day more stall-holders with their barrows turned up than the market could accommodate, and Marman was told by the police to move on. He refused.

The police moved him on. There was a scuffle, and Marman was arrested and charged with assaulting the police. He got four months.

While he was away his wife and children were reduced practically to starvation. When he came out of jail his business was gone. Another man had taken over his round. When Marman sought to resume it he found himself in trouble. The other man warned him off.

At that time Marman was living in a stable. The other man came there and created a scene, following which Marman was arrested. He thought he was in for another four months. People with a previous conviction know that the dice are against them when they have to appear in court.

The charge against Marman for assault was dismissed. But his troubles did not end here. The enquiries revealed the terrible fact that Marman and his wife and family were living in a stable.

The Founder of Christianity was born in a manger. That fact, one of the great and dominating things in human history, is not taken cognisance of in the police code.

In Marman's absence his wife was turned out of the stable and the children were taken from him and put into homes. Marman had beseeched the local authorities to give him rooms. There was none available. And the law does not permit a man to have his children with him in a stable. The history of Christianity is not reflected in the by-laws of Battersea.

Marman went from stable to stable, shed to shed, an honest man dodging the police and the by-laws. For months he did not know where his children were, but ultimately he was advised to go to the Home Office. He was told that they were well cared for and happy, and living in the country.

He could not go to see them. To add to the misery a child was born to Marman and his wife.

The birth took place in an empty shop close to the stable which was their only home. They were turned out of the stable by the local authorities, who said it was insanitary. They were then turned out of the shop.

That night father and mother and new-born infant were found by the police huddled together in a doorway in Falcon Road, Battersea. The law will not stand any nonsense of this kind. And Marman and his wife were charged with exposing their infant child so as to cause unnecessary suffering.

One can imagine the despair and distress of people whose children have been taken from them because they are homeless, who have tramped the streets vainly searching for a home, and who are arrested because they have not the home it is their dearest wish to get.

Viscount Curzon, M.P. for S. Battersea, who should interest himself in this case.

The magistrate dismissed the charge. He said that this man had been driven into the streets through no fault of his own. If he went into the workhouse he would have to give up the business by which alone he can make a happy fireside clime for weans and wife.

He is a good man. Mr. Wriggley, the South-Western Police Court Missionary, invites him every Sunday to see him. This splendid missionary does this because he believes that the best protection against further trouble with the police is the knowledge that Marman is being befriended by a man whose word carries weight with the magistrate.

We ask the Battersea Council to make a special effort to find a home for Albert Marman. The housing shortage is the damnable legacy of the war. To statesmen it is the occasion for a peroration.

To Albert Marman it is the ever-present and deadly danger of turning him into a criminal, and of separating him for ever from his wife and children.

Waiting Patiently for Death

When will the House of Commons spare time to look into the scandal of tragedies like this ?

IN the days of the Roman Empire, Orkney was known as Ultima Thule—the last place God made.

Apparently it is still very much behind the times. This would appear to be the private business of Orkney, but when people lose their lives because of Orkney's indifference to being up to date and efficient the matter becomes of wider interest.

A man named Robert Bain, of Buckie, was an engineer on the fishing trawler *Blomfontein*. He appears to have been a very gallant fellow.

It was his habit to clean the engine when the ship came into port, and as she came into Stronsay, he took the guard off the propellor shaft.

Unfortunately the ship bumped into another trawler, the shock knocking Bain down. His foot was smashed by the propeller shaft.

Poor Bain climbed up the ladder from the engine-room and, beckoning the captain, observed with stoic simplicity, " My foot is off ! "

A local doctor saw him, decided it was a case for amputation, and Bain was bound up. The ship left for Kirkwall, four hours away, where there is a hospital.

A telegram was written out stating that an amputation case would arrive at Kirkwall about five o'clock. It did. But there was no ambulance to meet it.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether the telegram arrived. There ought not to be. An enquiry at the post office would immediately settle this question.

But, apart from the telegram, there was a delay of nearly an hour at the pier before the tortured patient could get a conveyance to take him to the hospital. In the meantime the bandage had slipped, and he was bleeding his strength away.

The difficulty about the ambulance was, in the first place, to get a horse, and in the second place, to get a man to drive it. While these were being sought the patient was bleeding to death.

Ultimately he was taken to the hospital in a 'bus.

He died there.

What is the use of a hospital, supported by the public, which cannot manage things better than this ? Poor Bain might have been, and should have been, alive to-day if the boneheads and numskulls of Kirkwall had not frittered his life away by their gross and disgraceful inefficiency.

Tragedies of this kind, by which valuable lives are lost, are far too common.

Coal, Coke and Breeze

Box and Cox in a business deal.

A FIRM called Powell and Satterthwaite, coal factors, of Can Lane Wharf, Wolverhampton, got an order for two truck loads of coal from the Port of London Mercantile Company, Ltd., of Leadenhall House, London, E.C.3.

The coal, to the value of between £30 and £40, was sent on by instructions to Fratton Station, near Portsmouth. Then the suppliers asked for their money. They have been unable to get it.

In the alternative they thought they would like to know what had become of their coal. And they found out. It had been sold to a trader in Portsmouth who bought it cheap and paid cash for it.

That was interesting to the Wolverhampton firm. But they wanted their money. They said to the Port of London Mercantile Company, Ltd., you have sold our coal, the purchaser has paid for it, and we think we ought to be paid too—a very reasonable view.

Passing it On.

Then the Port of London firm explained that it was not they who had sold the coal to the Portsmouth firm but another firm to whom they had sold it as an intermediate transaction. The name of the intermediary firm was the House and Industrial Coal Company, which uses the same office as the Port of London firm, the same telephone number and the same telegraphic address, while the chief men in both firms are named Jeffree.

Presumably Jeffree No. 1 went to the office of Jeffree No. 2 to sell this coal. He did that by remaining exactly where he was—a very convenient procedure.

It was not necessary for Jeffree No. 1 to ring up Jeffree No. 2, because a telephone subscriber cannot ring up his own number on his own telephone.

But Jeffree No. 1 says that he is sorry he can't pay for the coal, and sorry he can't get it back, because Jeffree No. 2 has sold it. And he says, too, that the sale to Jeffree No. 2 was perfectly good, and that if there are any innuendoes about dishonesty they will be ignored.

Legal, but—

The Public Prosecutor cannot intervene, the police cannot intervene, and we can do nothing except express our astonishment that such Box and Cox methods of doing business are perfectly legal. But we notice that the House and Industrial Coal Co. does not on its notepaper state the name of its proprietors, an offence under the Business Names Act, to which we direct the attention of the Business Names Registry.

Jeffree No. 1 can't pay Wolverhampton. Jeffree No. 2 hasn't got to pay Wolverhampton because he didn't buy from Wolverhampton. And Wolverhampton can't quite see the joke.

The Elusive Count

How our deportation orders are treated with contempt.

JUSTICE has an account against the self-styled Italian Count Eugenio Guidici, and we can only hope that it will be squared with greater regard for the public interest than has been shown in the past in dealing with this pest. By all accounts this Count has followed the old and not very honourable trade of living at the expense of such women as he could impress with his charm or pretension to exalted rank.

For a time he lived well as the "adopted son" of a wealthy lady since dead, but even when thus provided for he found it necessary to resort to fraud and kept undesirable company, with the result that he came under the notice of the authorities and finally was obliged to leave the country.

With the ease characteristic of the type, he came back to Britain and was successful in eluding official vigilance until by chance he encountered a police officer who had called at his lodgings in regard to another man in whom they were interested. The result was that the "Count" had to answer the charge of making false statements and failing to register as an alien, for which he has received sentence of a month with hard labour and is ordered for deportation at the end of the sentence.

Knowing what has happened in the past in regard to this particular rogue, and knowing how farcical as a rule are these deportation orders, we call on the Home Secretary to insist that this order is enforced immediately the alleged Count leaves prison.

It is not the first time such an order has been out against him, nor is it the first time that one has been threatened.

Adolph the Audacious

MOST radio enthusiasts want to improve their wireless sets to get even better results than are obtained at present. Many tried to do so through the medium of a firm dealt with here, and are still "listening in" for news as to where their money has gone.

SCOTLAND YARD is an expensive institution. Its upkeep is borne by the man in the street, who willingly pays because the crooks and harpies, who would otherwise prey upon him, must be effectively dealt with.

But there are scores of crooks at large who laugh at Scotland Yard, and who trade upon its weaknesses and its inability to cope with them.

There is a mean humbug at large named Frederick Adolph. He ought to be in jail. Of German origin, he has preyed upon the public for years.

With a man named Tunbridge he ran a concern at Leverington Street, St. Luke's, London, E.C., which specialised in electrical appliances and scientific instruments. He inserted advertisements in the newspapers offering wonderful bargains to wireless enthusiasts.

Many people sent him money for goods. They cannot get them, neither can they get the return of their cash. The German rascal, Adolph, ignores their appeals for satisfaction and sits tight—sticking to their money.

Adolph and Tunbridge, described on their notepaper as "Scientific Instrument Makers," dealt in many things. Among them were super sensitive microphones, loud-speaking telephones, spark-coils for X-Ray work and a hundred and one other appliances.

The scientific goods they offered for sale may have been excellent value for money. But as many clients cannot get their goods they are entitled to think that Science was being used as the hand-maid of Art—the art of extracting their money.

When he was pressed recently by a client for an explanation, he wrote an insulting letter, stating that the reason the goods had not been sent was because his late partner, an Englishman named Tunbridge, had "disappeared from the firm, taking with him all the available cash."

He did not stop at that, but underlined the word English, and spelled it with a small "e," and incidentally inferred that he could not expect anything else from a man who had the misfortune to be an Englishman.

We have seen Mr. Tunbridge. He denies the accusation made against him—in writing—by German Adolph, and paints the latter as a rascal of the lowest type.

Tunbridge alleges, in answer to our questions, that Adolph borrowed £40 from him to start the business, and then set out deliberately to defraud; that he was always issuing cheques that were dishonoured, and that his main object in running the concern was to pocket the money received through his advertisements and give nothing in return.

In other words, he was a deliberate and persistent swindler, and Scotland Yard is there to prevent this sort of thing.

Where is the Money?

Adolph kept no books, refused to make any records of the amounts received, and indulged in the filthiest language when his dupes called upon him to make enquiries as to what had become of their money. A hectoring, rascally Prussian.

Mr. Tunbridge, in the interview already referred to with our Special Commissioner, stated plainly that Adolph was the villain of the piece. To be quite frank, we are not impressed very much with the explanations or position of Tunbridge, although we are satisfied that much of his story is true.

Tunbridge, amongst other things, said that Adolph had been swindling the public for years. Why, then, did Tunbridge work with him as a partner in his latest swindle, if he knew so much of his past?

The Pot and the Kettle.

In view of the many victims he has duped, this matter cannot be allowed to rest here. It must be sifted thoroughly. On the one hand, Adolph accuses Tunbridge of deliberate fraud, and on the other, Tunbridge says exactly the opposite. Meantime the swindled clients wait in vain for their goods or the return of their money.

It is no answer to the duped victims to refer them to the interesting squabble between the audacious and egregious Adolph and his protesting ex-partner. They want some better form of satisfaction.

We have in our possession a dossier of information, including the incriminating letter written by Adolph accusing Tunbridge of fraud, and also receipts for money, and other papers concerning the failure of this swindling firm to despatch goods already paid for.

We shall be only too glad to hand all these papers over to Scotland Yard if the Commissioner of Police is willing—as we think he should be—to investigate this matter after this exposure.

Adolph and Tunbridge can then give their respective explanations to the authorities. Business is business. But if it is going to become in this fashion we are tempted and entitled to ask: What is the Criminal Investigation Department for?

Money that went West

Ex-Service men dupes of a colonial scheme organised by a rogue.

EARL HAIG, President of the Officers' Association, is doing his best to get back from the Canadian Government money lost by ex-officers in investments in Fox Farms recommended by an agent of the Canadian Government who used Government notepaper to boost these disastrous investments.

Months ago we took this matter up and asked for an official explanation. It came in the announcement that the agent in question, Mr. A. F. Mitchell, had lost his position in the employment of the Government of Prince Edward Island.

Our exposure was followed by a still more interesting sequel, and Mr. Mitchell was arrested and found guilty at the London Sessions of obtaining some £1,200 by false pretences from British ex-officers.

Outside the charges on which the conviction was based are several others, the total amount lost, as far as can be ascertained, being about £2,500.

We express the hope, in concordance with Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., the judge who tried the case, that the Government which Mitchell misrepresented will repay the money.

Some of the cases are extremely hard, ex-officers having commuted their pensions, all they had in the world, the recognition of their services by a grateful country, in order to put it into what seemed an officially-recommended investment.

We are glad now to hold out the hope that the sufferers will be compensated. The question is under discussion between the Federal and Provincial Governments of Canada. We have no doubt that the Canadian Government will not allow British ex-officers to suffer through the wrong-doing of one of their officials, and will do the right thing promptly.

Down Under—and Out

At last our exposures of hard-heartedness have borne fruit.

IT has been our privilege to fight the battle of the down-and-out Australians who have found themselves stranded in this country and unable to get home.

We fought this battle in the interests of the good relations between the people of this country and Australia. We felt confident that if they knew the facts they would sweep away this scandal with an imperative gesture.

In the course of the conflict we had to criticise Australia House, a thing we were reluctant to do, because it is an Australian, not an English, institution.

But there are times when one must appeal to Cæsar over the heads of the officials. Such a moment was when the tragic fate of Bombr. George Mackenzie, late of the Royal Australian Artillery, came to light.

When a young man he lost his arm in an accident to a saluting gun at Government House, Melbourne. The Australian Government voted him £300, and the Premier of Victoria publicly promised that he would be looked after.

This old soldier came to this country in the Great War and worked at Australia House. He was discharged after the Peace.

He could not get work, and drifted down and down to poverty, humiliation and despair. He applied to Australia for help, but there were no funds available to help him.

He died in an ambulance in a London street while being taken to hospital after he had collapsed.

More recently we told of scores of down-and-out Australians stranded in Britain. Happily we shall have to tell this story no more.

A cable from Sydney announces that Australia House has now been ordered to give financial assistance to stranded Australians in London.

THE SWEAT SHOPS OF SHAME

Our Shocking Casualties in the Eternal War of Wages

AT Wembley a magic panorama of the Empire's glories stretches out for all the world to see. In dismal hovels hidden away in our industrial centres women are slaving for starvation wages and dying as they toil. The glory of Empire is a wonderful thing. Is it less important to think of our people who die that the Empire may live?

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY *Author of "A Singular People," etc.*

AFTER Lyons—the girls who are forgotten. All over the country, hidden from the public gaze, are thousands of women, girls and mere children who are eking out their lives in degradation and slavery. In workshops, in hovels which desecrate the name of workroom, and in cellars these women of Britain—many of them mothers, many the sole support of a family, are being done to death by evil sweating.

Sixteen shillings a week sometimes (and not even the uncertain compensation of tips)—16s. only for a full week's work! It is either that or prostitution—although, if this isn't industrial prostitution, what is?

How anyone in these days of dear living can board, lodge, clothe and insure themselves on this sum nobody cares, certainly not those who unblushingly offer this sweat wage. *They* should worry! No interfering union, not grandmotherly Trade Board, no policeman to haul them up for the greatest social evil of to-day!

I SAW a girl in tears the other day. She was looking for the Women's Workers' Society. I asked where she came from. "Birmingham," she replied. She had spent her last penny in order to tell her amazing experiences at headquarters personally.

"I am a net worker improver, and I get 11s. 3d. a week. My father is out of work and we have four little ones at home—starving. I got the job from the forewoman, but she herself only earns 15s. a week. And they wanted our little Anne to start at 2s. a week. Some of the girls faint because they have so little to eat, and others are on the street.

"I do want to let them know the true conditions," she said despairingly. As a matter of fact—although I didn't tell the poor girl this—the Women Workers know all about the dreadful conditions, but at present are powerless to do anything.

"Until we are able to get all these unorganised trades scheduled under the Trade Boards," I was told by Miss Elliott, an energetic social worker, "women will continue to be sweated."

THERE is universal sympathy for the dangerous character of the work of a miner, and for that reason the public has always been sympathetic to his demand for increased salary; but the public appears to know little or nothing of the very real dangers that are faced every day by our womenfolk.

Accidents are so frequent among the women and girls who work huge machines and steel presses in various industries that nobody heeds them. Tops of fingers are taken off, hands are crushed, arms broken, faces smashed—but who hears about them?

AND what special pay do the girls receive in view of the nature of their work? A basic rate of 24s. a week of forty-seven hours, less than 6d. an hour. Even a waitress makes more. Let those who point to the alleged despotism of trade unions go and look into the appalling conditions of those unfortunate women slaves who are not organised.

They will then realise how Socialists and Bolsheviks are made in these sweating dens. Miss Susan Lawrence tells me of the incredible conditions in the pin and hook-and-eye carding trade. Here we find the women of Britain, mothers many of them, risking mutilation for about £1 a week.

This is not mere hearsay. The Trade Boards when they first began to operate recalled the outstanding fact that less than 2d. an hour was paid for the carding of hooks and eyes. Sewing snap-fasteners on cards was paid at the rate of 1½d. to 3d. It is perfectly true that conditions in some of the unorganised sweated industries are very slowly improving. Yet even now there are workers in the toy trade who do not get 16s. a week.

HERE is a poignant picture of a British home in 1924. The father, stricken down by an accident, is totally incapacitated, so that it is the mother who is called upon to assume the double role of housekeeper and wage-earner. There are two children. The mother goes into the metal trade and works a whole week for 18s.!

And this is more than many others are earning. The conditions in the women japanners' trade are amazing. Up to their elbows in japan, when the whistle blows "time" it takes them nearly an hour to get themselves clean. And then they have to wash in paraffin in order to do it.

In Birmingham—the black hole of industry—in Manchester, even in London, the deadly toll of women workers goes on. It is perfectly true that the inauguration of the Trade Boards has done much to put down industrial slavery. A comparison of the pre-war weekly earnings with those prevailing to-day makes one shudder at the thought of what these poor women went through in order to keep body and soul together.

Seamstresses are a little better off to-day, and they ought to thank the body of splendid women workers about whose noble endeavours little or nothing is heard. In a house in Tavistock Square, which has been converted into offices, are a dozen or so of them who have dedicated their lives to the submerged women workers.

"If you want to see conditions which will make you shudder, come with me," one of them said. "They are so bad that you would dread going near the place again. And yet these emaciated looking women and girls have to spend their lives there." In one place women were occupied in "pulling furs." The stench was terrible.

CARCASES of dead cats and rabbits—some half-rotten—were being pulled by girls who looked in the final stages of consumption. Not one of the crowd of women and girls looked at all healthy. Whole families were stricken. Rickety "mental" children resulted from marriage in this hell of a community.

It was a terrible farce, this perpetuation of so-called human society. A devastation, a holocaust would be a blessing. And yet these miserable, defenceless souls give their all for a mere pittance.

"Of course they don't live very long; or if they do they just manage to hang on to life," said my guide, whispering the grave words. "At the most they are able to work a few years."

"Then it must be highly paid?" I ventured. The answer was terse, but grimly delivered:

"Threepence an hour."

IN another part of the country I saw a similar sight to that which I witnessed in Wandsworth Prison and Wormwood Scrubbs. I refer to sack-making. The difference is that the prison criminals handle clean mail bags under sanitary conditions. But the women slaves, who are not fortunate enough to do this work under prison conditions, were handling disgustingly dirty sacks which had once held potatoes, flour, and heaven knows what else. They sat there expressionless, except for spitting and coughing, sewing . . .

"It ain't so bad," said one mechanically, "except that the dust gets down my throat . . . and the doctor says . . ."

Always it was what the doctor says. Well, I don't suppose the doctor tells these slaves what he told me. "The women in half these trades are being slowly done to death."

Miss Susan Lawrence, M.P., who has always been interested in women's welfare.

In the rubber trade it is but a variation on the old Congo slavery. Much of this is done in Manchester; but the abominable conditions are universal. Here again, the colouring done mostly for the toy balloons, gives out an awful odour. I don't know which is worse; the conditions here or thoes in the fur-pulling trade.

SO destructive to health have the conditions proved to be that the poor victims can only manage to work for a few hours at a stretch. And then they are only able to hold out by dosing themselves with quinine and milk. The trade, which I suppose is essential, but which should be more scientifically organised, breeds consumptives and C3 children.

The lives of our children are sacrificed on the altar of a coloured rubber doll. You might think that in view of the appalling wreckage of life in the industry a high rate of pay would prevail. Not while there are girls and women to sweat and enslave. Threepence an hour!

Do the girls of eighteen who pull the furs of half-rotten cats in order to provide felt for hats receive a princely remuneration? Yes, if you call 16s. a week a princely remuneration. And what can such a girl do with the money? If she is single her bare board and lodging will swallow that up.

According to an average budget a mill girl cannot possibly live under 30s. a week. This is not mere guesswork as the following budget will show:

Room and board. 18s. to £1. Clothing and boots, 6s. Fares, 1s. Laundry, 2s. Teas, 1s.

You will see that I have allowed only 1s. fares and 1s. for tea. And these items are bare necessities; nothing for emergencies. What about a holiday? What about sickness?

IN the old days man went to war to liberate the slave. America was rent in twain on the question. Britain lost General Gordon and a myriad of men in the Sudan, under the flag of freedom from slavery.

To-day the conditions under which many of our womenfolk slave are a disgrace—a crying scandal. Threepence, fourpence, and fivepence an hour!

Whipped to Death

A protest against a nauseating horror.

WE wish to warn the public that the dreadful traffic in worn-out horses, sold to Continental buyers for food, is again in full swing, and that scenes of dreadful suffering are daily to be witnessed in France, where horses exported from England find their way, and are exposed to the most appalling hardships.

We ask the French people, in the name of our common humanity, and of the cordial friendship that exists between us to look into this matter and put a stop to these cruelties, which are as abhorrent to them as they are to us.

Lame and Dying.

Horses are seen arriving at French stations in horse-boxes without straw or food. They have been traced to dealers' yards, where they were found hours later without food or water. Afterwards they were seen in a slaughter-house stable before empty mangers.

In one case an injured horse was brought in. It was lying on a broken leg on hard wood, writhing about and making agonising noises, a cross between a scream and a groan.

Another injured horse, standing on three legs, was pushed and pulled backward down a step to an incline board. It fell twice in its painful progress to its doom.

The humane killer is not used in many of these establishments. Poor, trembling, aged, decrepit and half-starved horses, with sores on their emaciated bodies are killed by being knocked on the head with a hammer.

Often the task is bungled and the poor beasts struggle to get up until the slaughterer smashes their skulls with the final blow.

An Infamous Traffic.

The most dreadful thing is the callousness with which horses are driven with whips into the slaughter sheds, where they stand in blood and knock against hanging carcases. They are half dead with fright and apprehension. But they are old and feeble and helpless.

This is an infamous traffic. There is only one way to stop it—that is to prevent the exportation of worn-out horses. If, when their life's work is done, there is no alternative but to slaughter them, it should be done in this country, where the responsibility for such inhuman treatment can be much more easily traced.

This is a country of horse-lovers. Let us wipe out this reproach and disgrace.

Advertisements are constantly appearing in English papers for worn-out horses, promising the utmost care for lame horses and old favourites. We wish to point out that guarantees of this kind are *not* an effective protection against cruelty when horses leave our shores, as hundreds of them do, and come under the control of foreign knackers.

Mystery of the Sacred Tarot

IS it possible that we are harbouring amongst us to-day a lost Princess who knows all about astrology and numerology, but nothing about the rules governing Royal titles? The claimant to such a title has appeared in Upper Norwood waving aloft the banner of Unity and—bed and breakfast at special terms.

THERE is no doubt that many people believe that there is a wide and useful field open to anybody who will start a good social club, where people may live and have an opportunity of getting good social introductions that may make their lives more varied and interesting.

Such an idea underlies the foundation of the "Unity" Introductory and Correspondence Club, which has been established at 146, Church Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.19.

The objects of this Club are set forth, as amongst other things, to provide a pleasant life for lonely people, and interesting letter-friends in all parts of the world, with a delightful meeting-place in a refined house, shaded garden (400 ft. above sea-level) with dancing, tennis, garden fêtes, soirées, dramatic performances, etc.

Roping Them In.

All this seems very good, and what is still better about it is that the cost of these impressive advantages is very reasonable. You can be a London or suburban member if you so desire for £5 5s. a year, in which case you are in class "A."

If you can't afford £5 5s., you can join for one guinea, in which case you are labelled class "B." If a guinea is too much, you can pay half a guinea, and then you are classified in the "C" group.

The object of this, we are told, is to allow all classes of the community to join—a very desirable thing where the aim is unity. There is another attraction in the shape of bed and breakfast at special terms, while there is a garage for the use of members.

If that were all, perhaps there would be little to differentiate this club from other residential establishments. But it is not all. Those who are panting for unity can find lots of occupation in the meantime.

There are lectures, for example, on Unity; and on the Brotherhood o Light; on Esperanto, Phrenology, Psychometry, Palmistry, Numerology and Astrology.

But when the members, "A," "B" or "C" have torn the heart out of all these mysteries, there are many more to browse upon. After taking a deep breath, and a bed and breakfast on special terms, they can go on to a further series of lectures on the Kabalah, Ancient Masonry, Occultism, the Great Pyramid and the Sacred Tarot.

We do not know what the Sacred Tarot is, though we suspect it to be something very exciting to people in a high station of life.

For example, the President of the Club, in a letter to a prospective member, says, "We have the promise of nearly all the heads of the Legations in town as members, and we intend having all the heads of Governments, Rulers, etc., also as members."

London, we think, may look forward to a very exciting time, when the Prime Ministers of Europe, and the Kings and Emperors of the world come over to pay their five guineas or their half guineas and to have bed and breakfast in Upper Norwood at special terms, together with lectures on the Kabalah and Esperanto.

Cabbages and Kings.

One can hardly describe Prime Ministers and Kings and Emperors as lonely people. Their complaint is generally the other way about. But the President of the Unity Club is confident that they will come rushing over here fascinated by the lure of the Sacred Tarot.

They may not all be able to grasp this Sacred Tarot at the first encounter, but most of them will need bed and breakfast. And that, it is comforting to reflect, they are clearly entitled to under the rules.

They have a further advantage. If one King introduces another King, he can get a commission on the other King's subscription, which may be regarded as a sort of consolation prize for any royal and abysmal failure to grasp the Sacred Tarot in the shaded garden (400 ft. above sea-level).

The President adds, perhaps to reassure impending royal visitors, that "this is a very select and exclusive part, and all our members are—as you would expect of a "Club" that is connected with the heads of Governments, etc.—*exclusive.*"

It is a pleasing picture, this gathering of the heads of Governments in Upper Norwood; and, Chequers, obviously, must look to its laurels.

The President of the Club is certainly a dazzler in the matter of social standing. She is H.R.H. Princess Isis Victoria Ayesha.

A Kidnapped Princess.

We have not been able to trace Her Royal Highness in a cursory inspection of "Debrett," which, however, sets forth that the title of "Royal Highness" shall be confined to the issue of a Sovereign, and to the issue of the sons of the Sovereign, which seems to be a matter that Her Royal Highness, Princess Ayesha, might be invited to discuss with the proper authorities.

We have some reason to suppose that her own explanation of her title is more interesting than any that the wildest imagination could devise. We are informed that she believes that she is a kidnapped princess of the British Royal Family, who was smuggled away to a Foreign Court and there brought up amongst royalty who were not of the British variety.

One would not like to add to the terrifying list of subjects studied at the Unity Club. But somewhere wedged in between, say, numerology and astrology, there might be a little lecture on Royal Titles in abeyance, except in a shaded garden (400 ft. above sea-level) at Upper Norwood.

Who Pressed the Button?

The dignity of our Courts must be maintained. Incidents like that which we narrate here do not tend to enhance it.

EVERY picture, says a familiar advertisement, tells a story. We propose to tell here the story of a picture which ought never to have been taken, and the sad fate that befell a photographer who did not take it.

Recently an important manslaughter case was being tried at Kettering, and a large number of press photographers arrived from London to take such pictures as they could get.

They did not get a very good picture of the accused, because he covered his face with his hat as he entered the court. So one photographer, more daring and more enterprising than the others, got inside the Court and took a photograph there, which duly appeared in some of the newspapers.

The dignity of the magistrates was outraged by this procedure, and they took prompt steps to vindicate that dignity. A constable went outside the court on the following day, and found there Mr. Spencer Percival, a well-known local photographer.

The policeman invited the photographer to step into the court, whereupon the Chairman of the Bench, without any further ado, accused him of taking photographs in the Court which had since appeared in the press, omitted to call upon him to plead guilty or not guilty, omitted to invite him to produce any evidence, and in the absence of either plea or evidence which the photographer was not permitted to tender, the Bench sentenced Mr. Percival to exclusion from the court for the next twelve months.

The interesting thing is that Mr. Percival did not take the photographs in question, nor did he take any photographs in court. If the Bench had allowed him, he would have told them so.

Justice ought not to be slow, neither ought injustice to be quite so swift as this.

We shall be glad to hear what the Kettering Bench has to say.

THROW AWAY YOUR CLOTHES!

by SIR HERBERT BARKER (*The Famous Manipulative Surgeon*)

WHAT we need is not more science but more sun. Man is the only animal ashamed of his body, and modern clothes are keeping out the health-giving rays of the sun. The time will come when every city will have sun-bathing centres, says Sir Herbert, who visualises a world free from consumption and tuberculosis.

AT the dawn of the world Man stood with his mate naked beneath the heavens. His chest was broad and sinewy and covered with fine hair. His biceps were those of a Cyclops, his legs straight to support his body, his feet wide and efficient for fleet running.

And the mate of this man was broad-hipped, deep-bosomed and vigorous, abundantly endowed with the tresses that were her only covering.

Thus we started. But as man, by the use of opposed thumb and forefinger, contrived the first tool, he went on to the folly of roof and walls, skins for his body, woven raiment for his mate. So he laid the foundation of his own physical deterioration.

His brain grew vastly. He became clever, but wisdom went out of him. His body dwindled, wilted, shrank, became diseased.

He forgot the sun.

Silly Use of Clothes

Civilisation has played many strange pranks on us since the first folly. We are prone to be bald, toothless, obese, or unduly skinny, short-sighted, short-winded, bottle-shouldered, flat-footed, knock-kneed, and anæmic.

To remedy these ills we wrap ourselves up in much clothing, most of it impervious to light and air. We try to sweat out in Turkish baths the poisons that torture us. We try to purify our systems with drugs. We lounge in slothful indolence for awhile and think we are storing up energy.

We do everything, in fact, but the right thing.

Some years ago a Swiss physician left his laboratory and the study of bacteriology, pathology, and all the other fields of medical research, to try a new experiment.

He conceived the notion, old as the hills, but long since forgotten, that all his patients needed might be the light of the sun of the Swiss Alps.

He threw his drugs away, tore down—with the same opposed thumb and forefinger that has built the first walled house—the walls of his hospital. He carried his sick into the sun. He stripped them of clothing and left them naked under the heavens. They were wasted by tuberculosis, rickets, twisted, skeleton-like specimens of humanity.

What the Sun Can Do

The physician waited. And he was soon rewarded. His patients began to undergo a strange and marvellous change. Even those for whom he entertained the slenderest hope of life began to respond to the life-giving radiance that poured down on them from the blue sky. Tubercular lesions healed, crooked backs became straight, feeble limbs regained lost strength.

In this way, without trumpetings, began the revolution which will only end with the banishment of all disease from the world.

Living Against Nature

The new gospel is the Sun; and its prophet is Dr. Rollier, of Leysin, Switzerland. He has hit upon the great truth: that we are dependent for health and happiness on this planet on the ultra-violet rays of the sun; that without them we decay, wither, die.

Why, then, if all this be true, do we continue to cover our bodies with thick clothing and thus deprive them of the very essence of life? Chiefly, because it has never occurred to us that our way of life is against Nature; we have lost our primitive instincts.

I remember making a very simple experiment some time ago. I placed a potato in a dark pit. Would it germinate in the dark? Two months later I saw straggling from the cover of the pit a long, thin, weakly stem supporting one or two pallid leaves. The long stem had trailed slowly out of the darkness towards the light that meant life.

A striking object-lesson of the instinct of all things to go to the sun for life. And the rays which mean life or death, health or disease, to the humble vegetable, mean equally life or death, health or disease, to us.

What we need is not more science, but more sun.

Ashamed of Our Bodies!

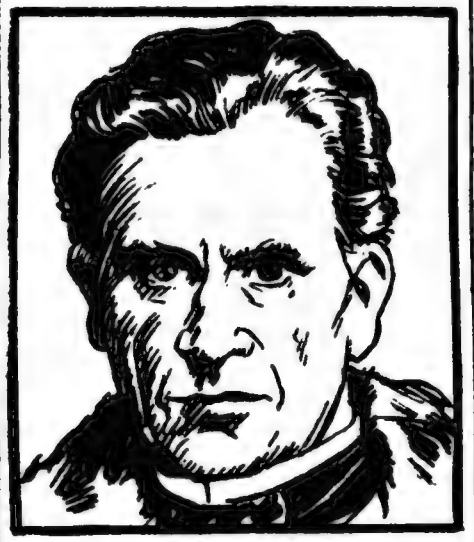
I have made my own experiments on the golden shores of Madeira and on the coral sands of the West Indies, and I am convinced. Now I want to convince everyone else.

Man is the only animal ashamed of his own body. Yet man is the most beautiful of all the creatures upon earth.

In the Venus of Milo one sees in imperishable marble the sheer loveliness of a perfectly formed woman. And in the Elgin Marbles the magnificence of the bodies of perfectly developed men. But those pure types were the product of a bygone age that knew nothing of corsets and petticoats, hard-rimmed hats or trousers.

The Greeks wore natural clothing—light, flimsy, coverings permeable by light, and the life light gives. They were not ashamed of their bodies. They gloried in their white beauty. They were not ashamed of nudity. The mystery of sex is the legacy of modern clothes; concealment suggests what has no existence in fact—some shameful secret.

There is a story of a dear old spinster lady whose "modesty" was



Sir Herbert Barker

such that she provided the legs of her chairs with nether garments to cover their nakedness.

I, myself, have known what it is to be the object of scandalised, uplifted eyebrows for committing the unpardonable offence of referring to an American lady's extremities as "legs," instead of by the more decorous word "limbs."

A Panacea for All Ills

Everywhere I go I see people suffering from sun starvation. They are not happy at all. They are melancholy, irritable, depressed, prone to worry and nameless fears.

The prescription I should write for them is a very simple one. It goes as follows:

Recipe *Sun. Quantity: Ad lib.*

The time will undoubtedly come when every city in the world will have its great sun-bathing centres. The scheme needs no funds. The only thing that stands between us and this reform is ourselves.

Take London as an example. It is full of ideal places for communal sun-bathing—the parks, the commons, the old-world squares. We think nothing of a jolly seaside crowd sunning itself in one-piece bathing suits on the yellow sand beside the sparkling blue summer sea.

A Peep Into the Future

Why not the same communal sun-bathing in our cities? If we were governed by common-sense and our dormant instincts, instead of by false notions of propriety and artificiality, it would be possible for men and women and children to drink into their famished bodies the sun they crave from the open spaces of our cities.

This is what will come in time. How far distant that time is depends on ourselves. The suggestion that the crowds of the great cities should take daily sun baths, unclothed, may sound fantastic. But we are moving towards that enlightened spirit.

Fifty years ago if any young Victorian Miss had gone as does Eve to-day, corsetless and with the charming contours of her lithe young body free and unrestricted, our grandmothers would have been horrified. To-day we accept that phenomenon joyously. The truth being, of course, that in these things women have more sense than men.

The Last of Consumption

I like to picture to myself the cities of 2424 A.D. In my dream cities of the future the people are tanned of skin, upright of body, with sparkling eyes and laughing lips. When it is cold and damp they go clad. But every day once at least they go to the communal artificial sun-bathing establishments and submit their naked bodies to the life-giving rays. It is as commonplace a proceeding with them as is the daily tub with us.

When summer comes these citizens of the future cast aside their clothes as we to-day put away our umbrellas when the rain stops. They go about their business in light flowing garments which may be slipped off at will.

The skies above the heads of these unborn men for whose fine heritage of sun, health, and happiness a few enlightened pioneers are working to-day, will be clear.

The cities of the future will be dazzlingly white, immaculate. Smoke will be banished, and the avalanche of soot and impurities will cease to obliterate the sun and mantle our buildings, streets, and parks with grime.

All power will proceed from electrical stations set athwart our great rivers, which now wait to give their vast potential energy to the service of man.

There is no consumption in that city of the future, for darkness has been banished, and tuberculosis is the monstrous offspring of the dark. There are no rickets, for rickets flourish only where the ultra-violet rays are unknown. Nor are there deformed feet, for sandals have taken the place of the absurdities we call boots and shoes. There are no bald heads, for hard hats are but a memory—the exhibit of the museums.

With the restored reign of the sun, the human family will have won back to the vigour and lustiness of the first man and woman.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To The Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—Electors will take due note of your decision to move the rejection of the Housing Bill. There are many things in it I don't like, but it is at least an attempt to solve a problem that is rapidly threatening our entire social structure. I am forced to remind you that when you had the chance you yourself failed entirely to solve the housing problem. JOHN BULL.

To CHARLES E. HUGHES, Esq., American Secretary of State.

SIR,—Visiting us as a lawyer rather than as a politician, you have said one memorable thing. "You may count upon us," you pledge the United States, "as a non-aggressive Power devoted to the interests of peace. We wish to promote friendship with all nations and among all nations." This great utterance, I am convinced, represents the true mind of the American people, and is of the happiest augury for the world's future.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. AMOS BURNET, President, Wesleyan Conference.

REV. SIR,—I am afraid your recent conference at Nottingham will not leave much of a mark upon history's page. There was the usual failure to come to grips with live moral and social problems, the only question which really roused members to enthusiasm being whether good Wesleyans ought to play whist. It is all very pitiable. Are you really surprised that churches are half empty? JOHN BULL.

To the Most Revd. Dr. LANG, Archbishop of York.

YOUR GRACE,—Plain people think you ought to discourage clergymen for whom it is claimed that they have the gift of spiritual healing. This claim is made on behalf of the Vicar of St. Benedicts, Norwich, whose churchwarden says that he has cured cases of arthritis, deafness, paralysis and blindness. If one clergyman by virtue of his office can cure, why cannot all? There is no answer to this question. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. WHEATLEY, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—Hardly a day passes without further evidence being forthcoming of the alarming extent to which our food is poisoned and adulterated by those who are making fortunes at the expense of the people's health. The matter appeared to you of sufficient importance to warrant the setting up of a committee of investigation. Don't you think it is time we had their report? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BINGLEY, Magistrate, Clerkenwell.

SIR,—You refused to send a drunken motorist to prison, but let him off with a fine, on the ground that the London Sessions might stultify a sentence of imprisonment by reducing it on appeal. There seems no other protest open to you, but the public is cordially with you in holding that drunken motorists ought to be in jail. Send them there—and let the appeals take care of themselves. JOHN BULL.

To Doctor HALL EDWARDS, Birmingham.

SIR,—You are right in saying that cancer should be a notifiable disease and that all hospitals should be compelled to give treatment for it. It is appalling to think of poor people, racked with pain, and knowing themselves doomed, and not knowing where to turn for alleviation of their misery. One hopes that science may soon find a cure for cancer. Meantime the State must do all it can for victims. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. BISHOP HARMAN, British Medical Association.

SIR,—I am afraid your suggestion that visiting doctors should receive part of the fees paid by hospital patients is an unwise one. The voluntary services of these distinguished men and women, placed at the disposal of the sick poor, are part of the high tradition of the medical profession. A cash basis will lower the whole tone of the profession and rob the hospitals of their unique place in the public regard. JOHN BULL.

THE DISTORTING MIRROR.

GERMAN MONEY KING: "Ach, I vill photograph that and send it to der Allies!"

To the Rt. Hon. NOEL BUXTON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture.

SIR,—That 400,000 farm workers should, in these days, be in receipt of a weekly wage of 27s. or less, is a terrible indictment of our social system. It is a question neither of politics nor of agriculture but of simple humanity. Complicated bills, elaborate machinery, and all the tortuous methods of politicians are useless in face of such appalling facts. It is the business of Parliament to order a living wage to be paid. From that basis the rest will follow. Drop your half-hearted measures and see that simple justice is done to these modern serfs. JOHN BULL.

To Sir JONATHAN NORTH, Leicester Police Court.

SIR,—A son of Sir Arthur Wheeler, Bart., one of your most respected sitizens, was charged before you for fast driving. A constable in plain clothes, on a motor-cycle went after him and overhauled him—a case of faster driving still, and of increased danger to the public. Why not recommend the police to give up motor "scalp-hunting" and adopt the usual procedure? This business of scorching by police motor-cyclists is un-English and unfair. Stop it! JOHN BULL.

To G. D. HARDIE, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—In the housing debate last week you characterised some observations by Sir John Baird as "tripe." It does not add to the dignity of the Mother of Parliaments when members substitute missile phrases, more suitable to Billingsgate than Westminster, for sound arguments. You had the grace to withdraw. But try to give us more argument and less abuse. It is better to be good at the former than at the latter.

JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge BAIRSTOW, K.C., Clerkenwell County Court.

SIR,—If all judges were as fair-minded as you, there would be less abuse of the hire-purchase system. As you rightly point out, the only legitimate purpose of these contracts is to ensure a square deal between the parties, and the system of snatching back articles on which considerable sums have been paid is contrary to every principle of commercial honesty. I like the way in which you handle these problems of the poor.

JOHN BULL.

To the MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH, Borough of Ealing.

SIR,—When a woman was taken seriously ill recently and her immediate removal to a hospital was ordered by a doctor, an urgent request for the ambulance was sent to the Town Hall. It arrived at the house with no one in attendance but the driver, who had to assist the anxious husband to get his wife out of bed and into the conveyance. A charge of a guinea was made for the use of the ambulance, and I am at a loss to know why no nurse or other attendant was provided with it. I hope you will see that such a thing is not allowed to occur again. JOHN BULL.

To THE MANOR PARK CEMETERY CO., LTD., Sebert Road, London, E.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to draw your attention to the unkempt condition of a portion of the burial ground under your control. Recently several of my readers desirous of paying their respects to dead relatives have been greatly distressed to find it impossible to distinguish the numbers of the graves owing to the headstones being completely hidden by dense undergrowth, the jungle-like appearance of the place giving the impression of long neglect. Your considerable profits should surely enable you to keep even those portions of the cemetery in which interments are not now taking place in decent order. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

"GOVERN OR GO!"

Tackle the Unions!

NO one questions Mr. Wheatley's earnest desire to find a solution of the housing problem, and there will be no disposition to quarrel with any measures he may take to break up the rings and combines which block the path of the builder. But this is not the whole story.

There is the position of the trade unions to be considered, and it has to be admitted that in too many cases the trade unionist has been the biggest obstructionist of all. Consider the position to-day. The Government and the experts are agreed that we shall never get the houses we want till there is a vast expansion in the supply of building labour.

Accordingly, Mr. Wheatley has prepared a scheme of dilution giving the workers every security against the lowering of wages, but at the same time providing for the absorption into the building industry of a quarter of a million men.

Such a scheme, it might be thought, would capture the sympathy of trade unionists anxious to find some alleviation of the problem of unemployment.

The plain truth is that the unions have contemptuously rejected Mr. Wheatley's plan, thereby striking a most damaging blow at the Housing Bill. Clearly matters cannot rest here.

The Government must find the courage to tackle the unions. No sectional interest can be allowed to impede the public will whether on the side of Capital or of Labour.

Cost of Law

WHEN does the Government mean to take serious steps to reduce the crushing burden of legal costs? The Russell divorce case, it is said, cost Lord Ampthill £30,000.

Just think what such figures mean. So long as justice can be had only at a luxury price it will constantly be denied to the poor. Even the cost of poor persons' divorce actions, it is stated, are likely soon to be increased. It is time this evil was grappled with on common-sense lines.

Now that Labour has a representative on the Woolsack, the opportunity should be seized to bring our legal system more into line with humane conceptions of justice. Wherever possible, legal procedure should be simplified and shortened so as to reduce its cost; and at the same time arrangements should be made to put legal aid of a competent kind within the reach of poor suitors.

Till then many grievous wrongs will of necessity go unredressed.

A Conjurer's Hat Without Rabbits

THE wonders that the Labour Government promised have not materialised. There are as many unemployed as before, prices keep rising, life is no freer from the war menace. Labour must govern or go!

IT is idle to pretend that the Labour Government has realised popular expectations. In far too many ways it has gratified its enemies and disappointed its friends. The electors are in an unforgiving mood. The trials and troubles of the post-war period have exhausted their patience; and to any set of Ministers, no matter to what Party they belong, the mandate is the same: "Govern or go!"

In several directions Labour has reproduced the worst evils of the war. Never did the bureaucrats of Whitehall occupy so privileged a position as under "the most democratic Government of modern times." The Tory Governments of the past would never have dreamt of placing such power in the hands of the permanent officials. It has been left to the Socialists to achieve this striking change for the worse.

Right Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, whose Government has been all promise without fulfilment.

The unhappy effects of the change are already seen. The Prime Minister promised us a settlement with Russia. The nation was eager for the recognition of the Soviet Government which would enable fresh avenues of trade to be opened up, and do something to alleviate the hideous evil of unemployment. We know what has happened. The bureaucrats of the Foreign Office have placed every conceivable obstacle in the way.

IT has been the same in regard to War Service Pensions. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues meant to give the ex-Service man a square deal, and to humanise the administration of pensions. The new Minister started well. Plans were drawn up for a thorough reorganisation of the Pensions Department, and a generous amendment of existing regulations.

The bureaucrats, however, raised their hands in holy horror, declaring that these things could not be done. Ministers weakly gave in. Solemn pledges were broken.

The Labour Party have always taken a special interest in factory and mine legislation. The Home Secretary, Mr. Arthur Henderson, was understood to have several special measures in contemplation for the better protection of the workers. The mountain has brought forth only a mouse.

The emasculated Factory Bill, the only surviving fragment of Mr. Henderson's grandiose scheme, might have emanated from a Government presided over by Lord Banbury.

MR. SNOWDEN'S elaborate scheme of "rationing" departmental expenditure has gone entirely by the board. The bureaucrats stormed and raved over the proposal to cut down their spendings, and the Treasury minute was quickly dropped.

But the most tragic illustration of the Labour Government's refusal to govern is in connection with unemployment. It is no secret that plan after plan for the provision of work for the workless has been vetoed by the permanent officials, to whom the Prime Minister has surrendered almost without a fight.

This wholesale surrender to the bureaucrats is a damning reproach to the first Labour Government. As soon as the country realises the truth it will be firm in its insistence that Ministers must "govern or go."

Gambling in Lives

IN less than three months there have been twelve appreciable rises in the price of flour. Hungry folk in every land are asking "Why?" There ought to be a searching enquiry into the causes.

A world scarcity of wheat is one explanation, but we confess that it does not satisfy us. There may or may not have been an attempt to "corner" the American wheat supply, but there has certainly been a vast amount of gambling in "futures," and other speculative dealings in food—the effect of which is to fill the pockets of greedy middlemen at the expense of the consumer.

All over the world these sharks are piling up fortunes by buying and selling foodstuffs they have never seen or handled. Food in transit may change hands a dozen times between shore and shore, each change involving an addition to the price extracted from the consumer.

There is no moral justification for financial transactions of this type, which are simply a form of robbery; yet they are tolerated by civilised opinion, and Governments make no attempt to check the evil. The matter might very well come within the purview of the League of Nations.

The problem will have to be approached from the international angle if it is to be reduced to manageable proportions. No effort could be too great to check this cruel gambling in lives. There are thousands of families in Britain to whom the slightest increase in the price of food is a crushing blow. The Government has a clear duty in this matter.

Commercial Cheats

THE law is amazingly lenient to the crooks of commerce.

Our present Bankruptcy Acts are little better than a swindlers' charter. Occasionally the authors of "long-firm" frauds stand in the dock at the Old Bailey. More often they do not; frequently they thrive beyond all belief.

Every business man knows of firms which from set policy are heading straight for bankruptcy, their sole commercial object in life being to swindle their neighbours while cheating the law.

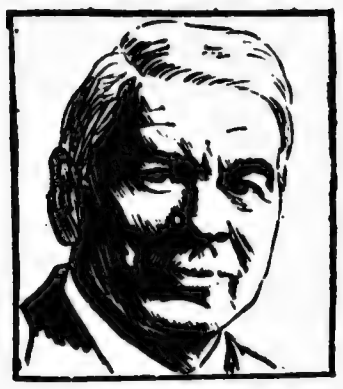
By common consent the bankruptcy law of this country stands in need of a thorough overhaul which would make it less of a charter for the crook and more of a protection for the honest trader. A measure of reform on these lines should pass through the House of Commons with the consent of all Parties.

It is, in fact, considerably overdue.

The Great Golden God

by A. G. GARDINER

WE have made money the master and trade the servant. We have erected a Golden Calf and trade is perishing while we worship it. That, says A. G. G., is one reason why this country has a million and a quarter people drawing the dole instead of adding to its resources with manufactured goods.



Mr. Arthur Kitson, the well-known economist, who blames the bankers for the trade depression.

SO many communications have reached me on the subject of my recent article, "Crucified on a Cross of Gold," that it seems necessary to return to it. In doing so I wish to disclaim any authority to speak as an expert. I am in this matter just the average man in the street, but unless we plain men in the street turn our minds to the subject we shall deserve the punishment we shall get and are getting. Behind all the mystery in which it is enveloped, this is a plain bread-and-butter issue. It is a question, reduced to its most elementary terms, of whether you and I are going to find work to do and wages to earn, and whether this country can continue to feed and clothe us.

Do not let us deceive ourselves by appearances. We have staved off catastrophe for four years by the "dole." It is the insurance the taxpayer has been compelled to pay to keep off famine and revolution. It has done it, but no one supposes that the dole is a good thing or that the country can survive on this basis. Unemployment is our Old Man of the Sea, and unless we shake him off our shoulders we shall collapse under him. We are not shaking him off. He is clinging round our neck as firmly as ever. He has got the strangle-hold of us. There are a million and a quarter of people who ought to be producers and wage-earners who are living on the dole. Stagnation reigns over the great industries of the country which have been the sheet-anchor of our prosperity—shipbuilding, heavy engineering, iron and steel.

NOR is unemployment all. There is a mass of under-employment. The great cotton industry of Lancashire has been on short time for months past. And the cloud does not lift. It will not clear away until Europe is at peace again, but there are other local causes of depression which it is in our power to remove, and everyone who is concerned about his own bread and butter ought to ask whether the worship of the Golden Calf is not one of them.

What do we live by? We live by the production of goods and the exchange of goods. If we produce abundantly and exchange freely we are rich. If we produce little and cannot exchange we are poor. In a word, we live by trade. Of this trade, money is only the convenient symbol by which we reckon the reality. It is the shadow, not the substance; the measure of values, not the real values. The real values are the houses we live in, the food we grow, the coal we hew, the manufactures we create. The terms in which we express these things are irrelevant. What I want and what you want is the satisfaction of needs—clothes, shelter, food, conveniences, recreation. We do not eat money or wear money. In itself money is worthless.

That is the first point. Money is the shadow; trade the substance. Money is the servant; trade the master. But we have made money the master and trade the servant. We have erected a Golden Calf and trade is perishing while we worship it. We do not say, What is good for trade? We say, What is good for money? We don't say the symbol must adjust itself to the reality. We say the reality must be accommodated to the symbol.

WHO is it who says this? Not the producer. Not the consumer. Not anyone concerned with trade. It is the financier. It is the man who deals in money, who sees trade only as an instrument for increasing the value of money. It is he who erects the Golden Calf and sacrifices every other interest to its worship. Gold is his idol. It is scarce. Therefore money must be scarce and dear. On what ground? There is no sanctity in gold. It is not prescribed in the Decalogue or in the Sermon on the Mount. It has been adopted as a convenient measure of value, and when it ceases to be convenient it has no claim on our regard.

The worship of the Golden Calf broke down under the strain of the war. It was found everywhere impossible to keep the currency imprisoned in fetters of gold. Our sovereigns and half-sovereigns disappeared from circulation, and everywhere paper money, founded on the credit and real wealth of the State, took its place. But ever since the war the financiers have been aiming at restoring the worship of the Golden Calf. Their object is clear. If they can make money dear and scarce they can increase the value of the commodity in which they trade. They double the value of their loans and investments. And incidentally they double the debt we owe them. For deflation of currency is inflation of debt.

And what is the effect upon trade? It is starved by the banks. The trader cannot get the necessary credit with which to carry on his trade, or he has to pay so high a price for the money he borrows that he cannot produce at a price which enables him to compete in the markets. He cuts down his staff, he limits his production, he closes his works. His employees join the unemployed and go on the "dole," the taxpayer has to find the money to keep them in existence, and trade which has belonged to us in the past and ought to belong to us now goes elsewhere. All because we invert the whole pyramid of our national existence and make it stand on the apex of finance instead of on the broad foundation of trade. All because we make an idol of gold and worship it to our own destruction.

BUT, you say, the Americans have got the gold standard. Yes, and they have got the gold. They are gorged with gold. They have accumulated the world's supply of gold, and they are in panic lest Europe should not return to the worship of the Golden Calf and should leave the gold valueless upon their hands. I like the Americans and I wish them well; but why should we play their hand? Why should we starve our trade, have a million and a quarter of unemployed and bleed our taxpayers white in order to enable American bankers to loan out their gold and keep the world in bondage to them?

We do not want deflation. We do not want inflation. We do not want any financial manipulation of our currency. Let the currency stabilise itself at its true economic level. Let money be the servant of trade and not its tyrant. Let it adapt itself to our necessities and not enslave us to a fetish invented by the high priests of the Golden Calf.

The League of Little Lam

by ALEXANDE[illegible] M.
("D[illegible]ngle

Visc. Cecil, the L[illegible] outstanding supp[illegible]

THE mass of common people throughout Europe are filled with loathing memories of the bestiality of war. We have been taught to realise that a renewal of strife might involve the destruction of London's millions—women and children as well as fighting men—in the gas bombardment of a night; that it might convert the garden of Kent into the likeness of the blighted fields of Flanders as we saw them in 1918; that it might reduce the glory and beauty of Canterbury, Oxford and Cambridge to the ruined waste of Ypres, Rheims and Arras.

All this we know. The thought of it is hateful to every one of us. Nobody wants war. Everybody execrates the idea of war. Yet the air is filled with threats and rumours of war, for ourselves or for our children, and we are, apparently, as helpless to save ourselves from the boding horror as sheep waiting for the butcher.

The London Conference may settle the amount and manner of Germany's payment for the havoc she wantonly wrought in France and Belgium. But after that there is still the haunting menace of the war of revenge. If the Germans can ever recover their martial pride of place, they certainly will. The optimists who imagine that that warlike people are now suffering from contrite hearts and "taking it lying down," are doomed to a rude awakening.

In Germany, since the Armistice, I have heard varying expressions of this idea: "In the last war we had the whole world against us. How could we win? Next time we shall not have politicians who set the whole world against us."

We had hoped that the League of Nations might set up a bulwark against the menace of revenge. But the League, after submitting to one impudent rebuff from Mussolini at the time of the Corfu bombardment, has now been compelled to swallow another affront. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labour Prime Minister, has turned down the League's Draft Treaty of Mutual

Mrs. Asquith's Strange Confession

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

A REMARKABLE episode in the life of Mrs. Asquith provides our contributor with a reason for warning those people who think they can talk class hatred out of existence, that there is no argument like a good life. We are living like animals and not like men.

"Bob" Smillie, whose book shows why Capital and Labour in Britain are at grips.

ROBERT SMILLIE has written a book which deserves to be read by the whole nation. It is something even more than the brave life-story of a man whom no gold could buy, no flattery change, no office corrupt; it is an explanation to the world how a country so conservative and united as Britain has come to generate the odious and destructive spirit of class-hatred.

One need not approve of Mr. Smillie's arguments, or agree with his rather vague conclusions, to see that Labour has been driven to adopt a fierce and disruptive attitude chiefly by a want of common humanity on the part of many employers of capital. Incident after incident in this book ("My Life for Labour") reveals the employer of capital, not as a great criminal, but as a stupid, unimaginative and churlish dolt. His stupidity, not his wickedness, has created class-hatred in the country. He has been the enemy of the nation far more than the enemy of Labour.

Let the fair-minded reader study these various incidents for himself. In this place I wish to expatiate on an incident of quite another character, an incident almost as comic as it is valuable.

DURING the great coal strike of 1912 Mr. Smillie was asked by Mr. George Askwith (now Lord Askwith) to dine with him in his home. Two other ladies were in the drawing-room besides his hostess when Mr. Smillie arrived. One of these ladies, he says, promptly got hold of him and began to talk with extraordinary animation. He discovered that he had been buttonholed by Mrs. Asquith.

At dinner they sat next to each other, and Mrs. Asquith continued to talk, and to ask many questions about the strike and the social conditions of the people. Mrs. Asquith was charmed and asked him to meet her again.

On the following day he received a long letter from Mrs. Asquith. "I shall see you 3.30 to-morrow," it concluded, "and look forward to having a real quiet talk." But the most important paragraph in this long letter begins with the strange avowal "I am a Socialist." Mr. Smillie does not tell us what effect was produced upon his mind by reading these words, strange words to slip from the pen of a Liberal Prime Minister's wife; perhaps he was too puzzled by what followed.

"I AM a Socialist," she wrote, "possibly not on the same lines as yours; but, in view of any great disaster falling upon innocent heads, I hope and think I will be equal in some unselfishness — some tenderness — some compromise." Whatever these confused words may mean, they did not move Mr. Smillie to give his impetuous correspondent an appointment. I think his native canniness may have been aroused by the appeal, "Help my husband. He is a self-made man, like yourself."

Now the point I desire to make in this otherwise comic matter is one of no little importance. There are many amiable people who think, like Mrs. Asquith, that they can turn the whole force and current of working-class politics by a conversation—by being friendly and accessible and perhaps a little flattering to the leaders of Labour. Someone is threatening to burn down your house; ask him to dinner. Another declares that he intends to knock you over the head; send him a box of chocolates.

Let me assure them that class-hatred and a lust for revolution are symptoms of a very deep-seated social disease, and a disease which goes back well over a hundred years. It is not a matter to be talked out of existence, or to be flirted into something genial and beneficent. Take the case of Mr. Smillie. He acknowledges that the conditions of labour have been enormously bettered since his father's time. He confesses again and again, for he is the honestest of men and no mere street-corner firebrand, that he has met many honourable employers who dealt faithfully and humanely with their workers. All the same, and in spite of his vigorous mind, he remains a Socialist.

In his blood is a passionate hatred of our social system; his whole memory is saturated with an inherited indignation against a system which both perpetrated and condoned the grossest inhumanities. Things may be getting better, but he will never rest till this righteous indignation of his mind is satisfied by a Socialist State; perhaps even then it will reawaken to attack the tyrannical bureaucrats who have taken the places of individual employers.

LET us make up our minds, those of us who believe in personal freedom and peaceful evolution, that we shall never convince the older men of Communism that their economic theories are impracticable and destructive. Let us be quite certain that no argument, and no emotional sympathy, can change the nature of a man who has fed his mind on the poison of class-hatred. Auto-suggestion is far too powerful a force to be medicined by the quackeries of any insincerity or the logic of any argument.

But we can labour to bring into the national life a new social spirit, and it is a part of our duty to Progress to see that such a spirit is created. We can set our faces against ostentation and snobbery, against sensationalism and vulgarity, against selfishness and all forms of sensuality. We can live more in our minds and less in our stomachs. We can think more of our hearts and less of our clothes. We can be kinder, simpler, and much more anxious to increase our knowledge and widen our sympathies, than to get on in the world and to outshine our neighbours. We can make it evident that we are really and truly serious in our determination to see that the will of God is done on earth as it is in heaven.

THE present atmosphere is heavy with storm. That storm is created solely and absolutely by our thoughts. It is because we are thinking like animals, and not like men, that the air is full of menace and disunion and a sick despair. Perhaps it will help us to think rationally and helpfully if we reflect that Duty is a word meaning a very real and a tremendously important fact. Each of us has a duty to God and a duty to his neighbour. There is no better argument than a good life

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Lambs

Until statesmen come to grips with the problem, the haunting menace of a war of revenge will remain a hideous nightmare

DE[illegible] M. THOMPSON
"D[illegible]ngle")

Cecil, the League's leading supporter.

Assistance, by which it proposed to determine who was the aggressor within four days of the outbreak of hostilities, to appoint a Commander-in-Chief of its (potential) forces, and to hurl these at the common enemy!

To state the case, alas, is to expose its hopelessness. If such a League had existed before 1914, what would have happened to those "unanimous votes"? There would have been Germany and Austria on one side—France, Russia and Britain on the other. Where would have been the unanimous vote as to who was the aggressor?

This proposal obviously will not do. The League, under this scheme, would simply resolve itself into the same two comities of nations that existed before 1914.

Our hopeful vision of cherubs in silk hats and smiles, with no desire but eternally to sing Esperanto hymns and be good, is rudely dispelled by this "practical" proposal. The League's Round Table, under this scheme, would be a ring of wily old schemers representing all sorts of sordid interests.

Lord Burnham was right when he declared at an international conference at Wembley that the Labour section of the League is "probably the best and most lasting outcome of the Treaty of Versailles." This branch was founded on the claim that "universal peace can be established only if it is based on social justice." It is based on the idea that individual nations allow conditions of labour "involving such injustice, hardship and privation to large numbers of people as to produce unrest so great that the peace and harmony of the world are imperilled."

Its purpose is to equalise the industrial advance of all nations, and to prevent the handicap of a progressive nation like ours by the undercutting or slave-driving of a rival. The proclaimed programme does not sound very romantic or poetic. But perhaps it will "get there" earlier than its more ambitious rival.

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The Sentence of the Court

The Magic of His Voice

A Politician with a Past

by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGED with creating a disturbance, David Lloyd George, described as a professional wizard, word-swallower, spell-binder, magic-monger and jaw juggler, pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., stated that the offence was committed at a "great Liberal demonstration" at Chesterfield, where the accused, by rattling the bones of political skeletons, blowing his own trumpet, cracking jokes, splitting hairs, sawing the air, hammering his opponents, letting off fireworks, throwing stones through glass-houses and falling over his feet, created a din which was audible from Fleet Street to Llanfairpwllgwyngyll.

"When I tell the jury," said counsel, "that the accused was merely playing the old trick of trying to dish his opponents by deafening the electors, I think they will agree that the unseemly disturbance was unjustified. All that had happened was that L. G. had discovered that there is a mines problem, just as a few days previously he had made the no less amazing discovery that there is a land problem! A hen laying an egg and cackling as if she had laid an asteroid would not be a more fantastic figure than this comic Columbus whooping over these ancient political continents.

"There were mining, land and housing problems during the years when L. G. was Premier, but he did not solve them. 'Hold your Commission and I will abide by the result,' he told the coal-mining industry; but the Sankey Report was promptly pigeon-holed and forgotten. Now, when he finds himself in the position of a Welshman without a rabbit and a wizard without a wand, the accused shouts that he has 'come to the same conclusion as the members of the Sankey Commission unanimously arrived at' and demands that we should buy out His 'Royalty' Highness, the Duke of Northumberland, and other owners of mineral rights. Seeing that he did not himself attempt to do this, I say that L. G. is merely obeying the political pot-hunter's discreditable motto: 'When in opposition, make a noise; when in power, make an excuse.'"

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, defending, said that his client did not claim to have "discovered" the problems mentioned. He merely sought to pay them the attention due to old friends who, in the days of his power, he had been forced to cold shoulder so as to attend to more pressing matters, such as hanging the Kaiser, building homes for heroes, circumnavigating Europe to attend conferences, and climbing the Welsh mountains to observe the sunrise. Out of office he had had time to examine the list of "Lloyd's" Missing Friends, and having found in it these two problems, Mr. George was now seeking to make amends for his former neglect.

THE jury having found the accused "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull said that the case was one of those all-too-numerous instances of a politician spending his time in office doing nothing, and his time out of office "doing" his opponents in the eye, or trying to. "The behaviour of the prisoner," said the judge, "is an example of pure unalloyed George. We know that if he were returned to power the problems of which he now talks so glibly would remain unsolved, while those who are now in office would in their turn rediscover these problems and sternly demand their solution. I direct that the prisoner's stipend from the Hearst Press be confiscated for the next six months and used to purchase ear-pads for citizens who are utterly weary of these noisy, meaningless, and palpably insincere outbursts.

Saints and Sinners

Daniel in the Lion's Den

A Woodrow Wilson with whiskers

by HESKETH PEARSON

IN a country where bribery and corruption rule the roost of legal and political life, Mr. Secretary Hughes is a striking figure. He is that rarest of all things in the United States—a gentleman who has strayed into the limelight. No decent American has an ounce of faith in his political representatives; yet every decent American has absolute faith in Mr. Hughes. Strange that he should ever have found a footing in such an arena; but the interesting thing is how he did so.

WELL, there is a form of patriotism so vital that it lifts a man out of his natural environment and forces him to do what, without it, he would shudder at. Woodrow Wilson had it, though he had neither the brains nor the imagination to make it serviceable.

Hughes has it and has used it already to the admiration of his country, though it remains to be seen whether he will use it to the admiration of the world. For this patriotism is not a mere local thing. The twentieth century has no time for 'mafficking."

Funnily enough, Hughes has been called by a section of his countrymen "Wilson with whiskers." There is a half-truth in this, because Hughes has not a little of the late President's aloofness and cold idealism. But he has none of Wilson's consummate egotism, and he has more commonsense in his little finger that the other had in the whole of his body. Wilson tried to drag a Disunited States after him. Hughes is trying to shove a United States before him.

He is clever enough to make the People appear to be responsible for his own policy.

The present Secretary of State, then, is a diplomat of a very high order. His job, which corresponds to our Foreign Secretaryship, was a very ticklish one when he took it on; but he did it so well that within a year he had the whole country with him; and there can be very little doubt that a good two-thirds of the nation would like to see him President.

THE Republican Party, however, of which he is a member, are frankly frightened of him. He's too virtuous, too detached, too level-headed, above all too brainy for them. They want a leader to whom they can dictate, a servant in deed as well as in name. And Hughes is too honest to be led, too cunning to appear to be leading. So he will be sacrificed on the altar of Party, and the country must needs whistle for the President it wants.

At the White House he would be invaluable just now, because he is a realist. He sees things as they are, not as he would like them to be, and deals with them accordingly. He profits by the mistakes of others. A friend once asked him what he thought of The Big Three at the Versailles Peace Conference.

"They have taught me a multitude of things," he replied, adding quietly "which I hope to avoid!"

Led by a Little Child

True love shows the way to happiness, even in circumstances and under conditions of which we little dream.

by A HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT

In the incurable wards of a hospital some of life's poignant tragedies are to be found.

Here are sheltered the wrecks of humanity, men and women, diseased of body and often desolate of soul. People who have been kicked by an unkindly fate into its lumber-room of broken things. Many of them are helpless, not a few are hopeless. Life to them is a canker, corroding and corrupting all that makes it worth while living.

Yet there is something tremendously appealing about incurable men and women. Into their eyes has come a look which one can see sometimes in the eyes of a dog. The Prince of Wales must have felt this when he visited these wards. He entered a room devoted to men who had been broken in their country's service. A kindly word was spoken to each. Then he turned and asked, "Where is the eleventh patient? There are only ten here."

The Prince's Kiss.

It was explained that this one had been removed to a private room, as he was not in a fit condition to be seen: he was emaciated, blind, armless and legless. Quietly but insistently the Prince expressed his wish to see him. He was shown into a room and approached the bed on which the almost unrecognisable form of humanity lay. For a moment he stood silent, then he bent down and tenderly kissed the man's forehead. A fine impulse of a perfect English gentleman.

In these incurable wards are men and women of all ages, suffering from every conceivable form of disease. Associated with many of them is a tragic story. Let me remove the veil and tell of such a one.

A Woman's Sacrifice.

Some time ago there was brought to us a woman, thirty years of age, who will never walk again. She lived in a block of flats at Chelsea, and it was whilst trying to do her neighbour a good turn that the accident happened. A duster had fallen from the window ledge of the flat above, and became lodged on a projecting pipe. The woman tried to recover it, lost her balance and fell into the road, a distance of thirty feet.

X-ray examination revealed that she had fractured her spine, and when the news was broken to her she cried out rebelliously, "I must get better. I will walk again. Who will look after my husband and my children?"

Within three months that husband had deserted her for another woman. Helpless, husbandless, with two children dependent upon her, there she lay, a pitiful fragment of humanity.

To-day that patient is self-controlled, content, happy even. What has led to the change?

In the same incurable ward was a boy thirteen years of age, suffering from "the hell of all diseases"—cancer. The doctor had given him six months to live, and he was waiting in that interval before sunset. He suffered excruciatingly, and yet the lad never cried or complained.

When the pain became almost unbearable, he would bury his head underneath the bedclothes and standing by you could hear him whistling.

He had an almost unnatural love of flowers and near him was a window-box which he planted with bulbs. His face would glow with delight as day by day he watched their growth. They had just reached perfection, when the end came, and he met the Unknown with a smile upon his face.

Eternal Happiness.

That boy had become like another son to our spinal patient. What a sight it was to see them? The bedridden helpless woman and the malady-stricken lad. Almost their sole topic of conversation was the country which neither of them would ever enjoy again. It was almost uncanny to listen to them.

The Prince of Wales, whose outstanding trait is humanity.

When he passed away the woman would not rest until his flower-box had been placed by her side. His happy disposition lives in the ward to-day. It has completely transformed this woman patient. Now she anticipates the sunshine where she had previously anticipated the shadow. Even her very features have changed. Cheerfulness seems to radiate from her. Over her bed hangs Robert Louis Stevenson's motto—"To travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

In that window-box the flowers have bloomed again. With a look of infinite tenderness, the woman gazed at them one day and then said, "Flowers take a long time to grow in my life, please God they will one day."

They are blooming already.

The Silence of the Tomb

A mind that is starved and warped with silence is a mind in which evil flourishes.

by FREDERICK BRADLEY, the well-known Probation Officer

Mr. Bradley, who is popular in the North as a social worker and humanitarian.

ONE of the most startling factors in Patrick Mahon's career and its ending may be overlooked. It is this fact that induces me to write. He had previously served a term of five years' imprisonment for an offence upon an innocent woman, and instead of prison having any curative effect, or even a restraining influence upon his criminal tendencies, he was returned to society in a still more irresponsible and anti-social temper.

The point I would make is that life in prison during those long years, did nothing at all to redeem Mahon. It only made a bad man worse, and placed the community in more positive danger.

Fortunately for the human race our jails are not filled with cases such as this. There is more reason, therefore, why this supreme example of prison failure should be made an occasion for examining the whole of our prison system as it stands. It is not pleasant to reflect that, possibly at this very moment, we are busily turning hundreds of simple cases of lapse from moral rectitude into a condition of permanent embitterment.

Embittering the Soul.

Many years ago I read of the revolting cruelty to prisoners practised in some Eastern country (Mongolia, I believe), and I saw a picture of a man confined in a tub from which his head only protruded. I found it impossible to shut that picture from my mind; I would awake in the night, tortured by the imagination of what such punishment must be like. Since then I have come to believe that the plan of solitary and silent confinement followed in our British prisons is quite as useless.

I have spoken with a youth, who in point of physique and mentality, appeared a child, and who was pacing round and round the exercise yard of a British prison in company with old "stagers" of every sort. He was in for "pinching" blankets—his mother also being, for some other offence, in jail.

Mother and Son.

And if ever a starved body looked in need of blankets it was that meagre youth. It occurred to me then that the chief offender was the social order in which he had been born. And society, indignant at his moral lapse, was turning him into a jail-bird.

But public opinion is already ripe for many changes in the treatment of the young "criminal." It is in the case of older men where there is much need for thought. Silence and solitude are enough to drive even a good man mad. In the case of evil doers the solitary system of prison life is altogether bad. If hard labour is the punishment aimed at, then the sentence fails of its real purpose from the start.

Driving Men Mad.

The sewing of mail-bags or the making of ship's fenders is not hard work for a strong man. It merely irritates; it affords no muscular exercise; it increases the tendency to morbid brooding. It does not induce that healthy tiredness, which is the prelude to sound sleep and the regaining of a sane mind in a sound body, which, I must believe, was the real intention underlying the efforts of those reformers who brought the present prison system into being.

The education of the common people has moved since those days. Reading is as everyday a thing as to sit down when hungry in order to eat and drink. Yet prisons hardly take cognisance of this fact.

In each cell is placed a Bible and a Prayer-book, and one book which is termed educational, but more often than not a book of perfervid sermons. Three cards hang on the walls, one setting out a list of twenty-four things a prisoner may not do.

The third is headed "Things a Christian Ought to Know," and may be summed up as one of the worst efforts of smug Victorian piety that ever straggled over into an age that generally laughs at it.

I doubt whether it is possible for anyone to understand what the tomblike silence of prison really means. The deadliness of silence in a British prison where, perhaps, as many as a thousand prisoners are living and working, cannot be matched outside the silence of the grave.

Plotting Against Society.

It has to be felt to be believed. It is as though the place were utterly deserted. A man's starved and warped mind has nothing to feed upon but its own evil thoughts. He may, and often does, spend the whole of his mental time in planning further outrages upon society.

Under certain safeguards the silence rule should be done away. Cells should be treated merely as dormitories. Sensible work, properly fatiguing, should be done.

Perhaps we ought to ask ourselves: "Is it vengeance that we seek to deal out in our prisons, or do we really want the evil-doer to turn away from his wickedness and live?"

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Human Documents

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The Duped Secretary

"I HAVE been secretary to a man for six years. Lately business has not been going at all well. My chief gave me to understand, however, that his private means were sufficient to tide matters over. But things grew worse until eventually he was unable to pay my salary. Luckily I had a little sum of money saved, and on this I drew. My employer promised me every week that the following week would assuredly see the business straightened up again and my arrears settled.

"At length things got to such a pitch that I determined to come to a definite understanding—when suddenly my employer disappeared. He left a long list of creditors, foremost among whom is the landlord of the offices who has a six months' rent owing. As for me—well, frankly, I'm desperate, and if something doesn't turn up soon—I don't know what I'll do.

"I'm alone in the world, without a relative to turn to, and I am now nearly at the end of my savings. I've been racking my brains for a way out of this fix, and my only hope is this: would it be possible to claim on part of the office furniture belonging to my late employer, in lieu of the seven weeks' salary owing to me? I am hoping to get work, but of course I don't hold a reference from my employer—and meanwhile I've got to live. If you will advise me, I shall always be grateful to you."

"Humanist" says: *I am sorry for you; but you cannot take the furniture—as it is the landlord's security for the rent. You have had a hard lesson—that it is foolish to stay on with an employer who cannot pay, unless you know him to be a sound man. You seem rather credulous: I think you might have known, in six years, that your employer was not straight.*

Beauty in Distress

"THE war period proved really disastrous for me, for during that time I lost in action my two brothers, while two years afterwards my father, himself a widower, lost his all through the collapse in trade consequent on the chaos following the war-stimulated business boom, and he died a year later.

"When I was a girl our circumstances were such that it was unnecessary for me to think of commercial training, and I was reared in an atmosphere of pleasure and entertainment which left me entirely unfitted for the struggle destined for me.

"Left alone, therefore, and having to rely on my own efforts, I had to make the best of the gifts of good looks and fine figure afforded me by Nature, and I became a mannequin in a big dress establishment in London where, I must say, I am far from happy.

"I really hate the life. It is true the wages are good, but the contrast between my past and my lot of to-day is becoming an unbearable burden. All week through, instead of associating with the county families I knew, I have to strut and please ill-bred but wealthy dames whose riches were the outcome of the period of national sacrifice which brought me misery. The menfolk, too, whom I meet and who belong to a similar class, are quite as hateful, for they seem to think that my vocation implies a ready willingness to become a toy if the price be high enough.

"I am alone in the world, and my loneliness is made a greater hardship by a job I detest. Yet what else can I do? Please do give me advice."

"Humanist" says: *The work you do is honourable if irksome. Try to interest yourself in it and get on. You are lucky to have work—so many girls without commercial training and special aptitude find it impossible to get any. Think of those who are worse off than you, and keep your courage up. You are only beginning life, and marriage is a prospect to which you may look forward. All men are not the type of which you complain.*

Friend of Divorcees

"A VERY old and dear friend of mine has recently obtained a divorce from her husband, and has asked me to go and live with her. She has obtained work as a fashion artist with one of the woman's weeklies, and as I have a good post and am at present living in a boarding-house, we could quite well share a flat.

"I have, however, just received a letter from the husband—whom I have also known for many years—in which he asks me not to let this unhappy affair affect our old friendship. He is shortly getting married again, to my cousin, and both he and his future wife are anxious that I should go and visit them and continue on friendly terms.

"If I accept my friend's offer and go to live with her, would it be disloyal of me to keep up my friendship with her former husband? I am fond of them both, and the fact that they were unhappily married does not affect my feeling for them.

"Please tell me what you think."

"Humanist" says: *I think you might keep friends with both parties to a divorce suit, and that if you can do so, you ought to do so. Why add any avoidable punishment to the tragedy of an unhappy marriage? But be very tactful. Do not talk of the former husband to your woman friend, or of her to the ex-husband.*

A Chance of Revenge

"TWO years ago I was wronged by a man, and my wife and three children had to endure terrible sufferings through some cruel untruths which had been spoken in evidence against me. I will not attempt to describe the nature of the lies spoken against me, but the result was that I was taken from my home and family for a considerable time.

"The man responsible is a farmer who lives near me, and when I see him my heart almost bleeds to think of the terrible suffering my wife and children have endured through his evil tongue. Two months ago this same farmer's stock was completely gutted by fire and now he is a ruined man and on the verge of starvation, since his farm was very lowly insured.

"A few days ago I discovered quite by accident a rich and very valuable coal seam and bed of fireclay underlying the farmer's land, yet he is ignorant of its existence. I have secretly proved the coal seam and its extent, and fully know its value, and if he knew of its existence he would become a rich man almost immediately. Should I inform him of the same, or let him remain in ignorance and suffer in poverty?"

"Humanist" says: *You are under no obligation to share the results of your knowledge and observation with anybody—particularly with one who has injured you. But it would be rather a dog-in-the-manger policy to abstain from acquiring the property as well as hiding its existence. Why not sell the information to the man? Why cut off your nose to spite your face?*

The Will Problem

"MY father, a wealthy business man, has always cherished great resentment against death duties being levied on his estate. In order to reduce those which would be payable, he planned that as much of his capital as possible should be transferred to his son.

"He made over to my eldest brother £40,000, but my brother died as the result of a motor accident shortly afterwards. On his deathbed he made a will, leaving all he possessed to myself, his favourite sister.

"My father is pressing me to return the £40,000 but I decline to do so. My father is mean and 'stingy' and we girls have no fun at home, so I propose to set up a separate establishment with my £40,000, and also to travel. Would it be honest to do this?"

"Humanist" says: *I think it would be honest in the sense that it would be legal for you to keep the money. The honourable, which is also the honest, thing to do would be to put the money into a trust for the benefit of all the children.*

Dope and Blackmail.

"During the war I had to take morphia. The habit grew on me, but at last I broke it. Now a drug fiend threatens to inform my employers—a railway company—if I don't help him to get drugs."

Tell him if he attempts to blackmail you that the police will be informed. There is no use dealing with people like this. Fight him from the start.

Liberty of Conscience.

"Can I be dismissed from my job, in an Estate Agent's office, for taking part in Salvation Army meetings?"

You can, or for any other reason. But it would be unjust, and against public policy to punish a man for religious beliefs. Your remedy is an action for wrongful dismissal.

The Ambitious Father.

"My father, about to retire from the Civil Service, wants to buy a half-share in my printing business. I would be glad of the money—for my family—but am afraid of an equal partner."

Why not give him a third interest, if it would make him happy. You could keep control. He may be cleverer than you—but I don't like equal partnerships, especially where the training and experience of the two partners are so different.

Casual Identification.

"I am a widow. A stranger in the boarding-house I live in, meeting me at Wembley, asked me to have a glass of wine with him. I refused. Afterwards a gentleman dining at the same table pointed out the stranger to his friend as a well-known crook. What should I do?"

Tell your landlord, in confidence, what you have told me. Landlords and landladies cannot be too careful just now. If he has given good references, no great harm can be done.

The Wrong Way.

"My son, fresh from a Catholic college, made the acquaintance of a bookmaker in a bar lounge in the West End of London. He has begun to bet, and is over five-hundred to the good this season. He will come in for £150,000 next spring under his father's will. I am afraid for him. What should I do?"

Bring him into contact as much as possible with men of the world of good character. They will help you to steer him right.

A Lunatic Husband.

"My daughter's husband—after ten years in an asylum—is likely soon to be released. She has since 'married' another and a much better man, and has two children. If her husband gets out and learns this I fear he will go mad again and perhaps kill her. Can I have him kept in?"

No, you cannot. If he has recovered his sanity, he cannot be punished because others have done wrong, even though in circumstances that claim sympathy. It is the business of your daughter's "husband" to protect her. It is his responsibility. One hopes that the tragedy you refer to may never occur.

A Strange Story.

"A few years ago I undertook to treat with electricity a man who was afflicted with locomotor ataxy. The man previously could only manage to make two journeys each week to the nearest public-house. After undergoing my treatment for some time the number of visits to the public-house increased, until eventually he was able to get drunk six days a week instead of two. But alas! in three months' time the poor man drank himself to death. As I sometimes feel guilty of having been an accessory to that man's untimely end, ought I to return to his nearest relative the money he paid me for his 'cure'?"

If you are serious, you are under no obligation to return the money.

Words Winged to Women

Before Baby Arrives

by LADY MOND, D.B.E.

SPLENDID work is being done to-day in the effort to establish firmly the Children's Charter—the right to live, even if they be born under wretched conditions and unhygienic surroundings. We are only on the threshold of a new age in the children's world, and much remains to be done.

Lady Mond, D.B.E.

It used to be said that women in society only interested themselves in welfare schemes as a fashionable fad. That was never wholly true, and to-day it is absolutely untrue. The plea of the hapless child has touched the hearts of women in all classes of society, and united them in a common bond of mothercraft.

Although the cause of the ailing child, born of the young uninstructed mother, has not yet become a real national question, the State now recognises the importance of children's welfare centres and clinics. In some cases, it makes valuable grants towards carrying on the important work.

Health centres, clinics and mothercraft classes have sprung up like mushrooms in the last few years. There are few towns or cities in the kingdom without them to-day.

HOW different are these conditions now from those prevailing in 1911 when the first welfare centre was opened in Swansea. Such an institution did not exist in any other part of Wales, in spite of the exceptionally heavy toll of infant life, and there was much severe criticism.

We did not heed it; we knew the strength of our cause.

There was no State aid either from the Board of Education or the Local Government Board at that time.

The girl-mother of the poorer class is encouraged to attend the health centre or clinic in her immediate district for the help and instruction that is of such vital importance to her own and her child's future well-being. Such valuable centres are available everywhere to-day, but not all who should attend them do so.

Recently the Medical Officer of Health for a populous London district stated that seventeen women in his district had died in childbirth. None of them had made use of the clinics that were available to them.

But we want to go a step further. We want to train the young girls when they are still without the responsibilities that so quickly crowd on them when leaving school.

Mothercraft should be included in the school curriculum. It was started in Swansea. The idea of giving such lessons to girls of twelve to fourteen at first aroused doubts in some minds, but as the school age ends at fourteen, and many girls start work on leaving school, there was no alternative between giving such instruction while they were still able to attend the lessons or of renouncing them altogether.

THESE classes, attended each by twelve girls, were established not only with the approval of the town, but with the active and enthusiastic co-operation of the teachers.

Such classes should be established everywhere by the Municipal authorities, particularly as the cost is so slight that it would add practically nothing to the rates.

But why should not the potential fathers receive similar instruction? Is it only the mother that must bear the burden and anxiety of parenthood? Let the responsibility be shared, as it should be.

Let the young fathers study these questions involving the health and well-being of the mother and family with as much good will and enthusiasm as his mate does. Only then will the care of the children and the heavy infant mortality, and still worse the ailing child that develops into the feeble sick adult, become a real national question.

Give It a Holiday!

NOT all of us are able at this time to pack our bags and set out for the sea or the country. Many must stay in sweltering cities and pass the warm days in ordinary business routine.

But at least *all* of us can clear our minds of worry, get rid of our difficulties, and give our brains a holiday.

It is a shame to overwork your brain in this weather. Give it a holiday! Don't worry about your problems and difficulties; bring them to us!

Write to JOHN BULL about them.

WE have a Free Advice Service that answers every question through the post, disposes of readers' worries and settles problems of every description.

It does not matter what your particular problem is—Domestic, Love, Law, Finance, Babies, Wireless, Pensions, Sport, Ex-Service, Business, etc.—We can settle it for you. We have an expert staff for the work, each specialising in a particular subject, and they are waiting to help *you*.

ENCLOSE a stamped, addressed envelope with your query, set out your worry as briefly as possible, and leave the rest to us.

We have helped thousands of readers in this way, and the service is free. Never before has a weekly paper placed such a service before its readers.

Don't worry! Give yourself a mental holiday if you can't have a real one. Let your mind bathe in the sea of untroubled happiness.

That problem of yours?

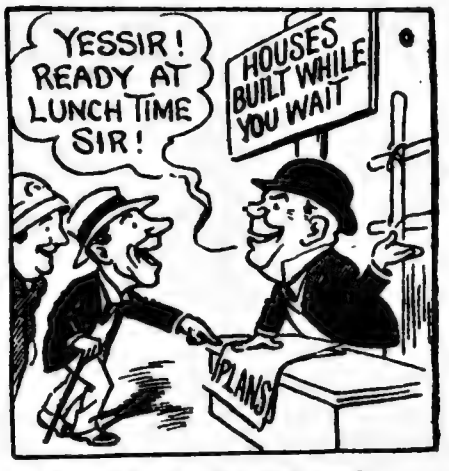
Write to JOHN BULL about it!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

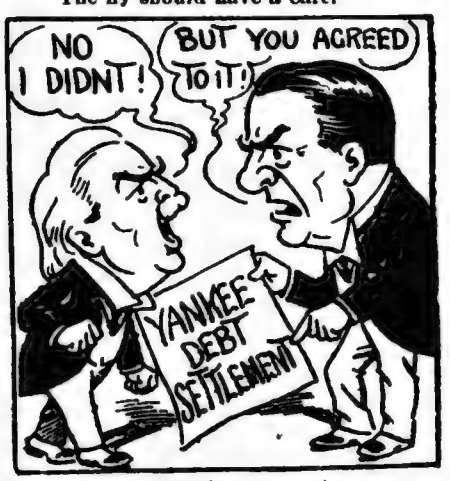
by FRANK HOLLAND

Why do the nations not contend
With these vile speculators?
And—with a length of rope—suspend
All grain manipulators?



Of houses built at lightning speed
We've heard so much of late,
That soon we quite expect to read
They'll build 'em "while you wait!"

Of agents who want fees ahead
The workless should beware;
For when the spider's web is spread
The fly should have a care.



About that Settlement again
They're kicking up a fuss;
For now they see it's all too plain
That it will "settle" us!

"*John Bull*" says:

"DUGGIE

rules an empire of satisfied punters."

Ces. & Cambs.

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS

NO WAY BARRED

DAILY BUSINESS A SPECIALITY

NO LIMIT

1/3rd Odds for Places ON ALL FUTURE EVENTS.

Don't Delay. Post To-day

DOUGLAS STUART

5, Drury Street, GLASGOW.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

—*vide Press.*

JAMES McLEAN,

12, Woodside Terrace,

GLASGOW, 3.

Now is the time to open a Credit Account To all persons desirous of opening an account I can offer terms which cannot be surpassed anywhere.

One-third the odds on all Ante Post Betting Races.

No limit for Singles, Doubles and Accumulators.

On July 26th, 1923, I paid £3,833 to £2 for an Accumulator.

Credit Accounts opened from £5 upwards but no cash in advance under any circumstances.

Write for my illustrated booklet entitled "Points for Punters," containing useful information which every client should know who has a credit account with a bookmaker Only Clients who are genuinely desirous of opening an account need reply to this advertisement.

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Trunk Telephone Nos. 2225 " 5 "
Telephones for Telegrams only: 2303 " 4 "
Telegraphic Address: "Spotism, Glasgow."

Getting Ready for the

Beating the Handicapper—After Goodwood—How Horses

THE "nursery" season is still a month off but already I have seen a few juveniles busy qualifying for the two-year-old handicaps and doing it very well.

This is an annual business, and there is a nice reward at the end of it for some people, since there is no other branch of racing which affords such fine opportunities for a big coup.

Beating the Handicapper.

Every season you will find several youngsters prove to have been literally thrown into these sprint handicaps, but the men who allot the weights in the early nurseries are helpless in preventing some stables from beating the handicap.

When two-year-olds have been racing for a few months at level weights and not winning anything, you can't arrive at their respective merits in one or two guesses.

Jarvie as a Two-year-old.

I have still vivid recollections of Jarvie as a two-year-old. He ran unplaced three times—his shortest price being 7 to 1—until the nursery season commenced. Then he won three of these races straight off the reel, starting at 6 to 4, 6 to 4, and 11 to 8 on. All in big fields.

Jarvie must have come on by leaps and bounds.

GOODWOOD AND AFTER.

Several big races will be decided at Glorious Goodwood this week. When racing ends there on Friday most of the big layers will stuff their wallets with the notes which they have accumulated during the past few weeks, and retire to the South of France until the Ebor. This is the next important handicap, and it does not take place until the end of August!

I envy them.

Naming Horses.

I have been asked by several readers how names are given to racehorses. Possibly they have been pondering over one or two bright specimens such as Wilublong and Weedidit. Not very brilliant, are they?

As a matter of fact, an owner names his horses just as he likes, but the sanction of the Jockey Club must be given. Names must be registered, and a full description of each horse is required when making the application. A few years ago three-year-olds were allowed to run unnamed, but now they must be labelled when yearlings or two-year-olds.

Seven to Four Against "Steve."

I heard it mentioned the other day that a well-known bookmaker was prepared to lay 7 to 4 against Donoghue winning the jockey championship this season. The odds would not tempt me, but if "Steve" does head the table it will be on account of his brilliant riding as he does not "get the mounts" nowadays. A season or two ago he was on all the hot-pots.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Goodwood, Wednesday,
PERPENDICULAR, PURPLE SHADE.
Goodwood, Thursday,
FLINT JACK, BRESLANE.
Goodwood, Friday,
JOHN DENIS, CARRYDUFF.
Catterick, Friday,
EULOISE, POLEMBERG.
Catterick, Saturday,
KARASU, MARAKA.
Alexandra Park, Saturday,
SCALIGER, VERMENA.

No Pity for the G.S.A.

The members of the Grand Stand Association are not receiving any sympathy in the attack (for such it is) on them by the Jockey Club.

It is all very well to talk about ancient rights and so forth, but the fact remains that for years the public has been looked upon merely as the means of paying a dividend.

At no course in the country is the accommodation so poor as at Epsom, and then when a big race comes along the G.S.A. puts the price up.

Fancy £2 for a place on an uncovered roof from which to watch the Derby with the only alternative (at the same price) Tattersall's, from where you can see nothing at all.

If the Jockey Club enquiry is going to be a searching one, all I can add is that there is plenty of scope for it.

Tishy's Owner Back.

With Sir Abe Bailey, the owner of the notorious Tishy, back again from South Africa, we can begin to look for a few winners from the Terrace House stable, and I think this establishment will pay to follow from now onwards, anyway from the St. Leger meeting.

Sir Abe Bailey, who has just returned from South Africa.

Reggie Day had a good time there last season, and later, and when he commences he wants some stopping. Sir Abe is a plucky, if not always lucky, bettor, and he puts the money down in light-hearted fashion when he thinks he has something on which to bet.

PADDOCK PARS.

Polyphontes can stand hard work. The Eclipse Stakes, by which he netted over £12,000 for his lucky owner, was his ninth race this season.

• • •

John Denis is going to win a nice five-furlong sprint before long.

• • •

Epinard has taken the Americans by storm. This time last year he had just run away with our Stewards' Cup. He travelled to the U.S.A. accompanied by a stable companion and a dog chum.

• • •

It is always worth while to back Newmarket trained horses at the Scottish meetings. They are not sent several hundred miles for an outing.

Illicit Trade in Stable

THE methods of the touting tipster are marked by cunning, and one of his ways is to represent himself as being employed in a capacity where he must know stable secrets.

Some of the tribe know as little about the stables they talk of as a teetotal fanatic does of the merits of good wine, but it has to be admitted that of late there has come to the fore a type of tipster who undoubtedly is in a position to know something of stable plans and is ready to turn his knowledge to account either directly or through an agent. Whether the tipster comes within the first or the second category he is hardly a very desirable person.

Mr. Charles Morton, the well-known trainer, whose attention we draw to the practice condemned in this story.

If he is ignorant of the stables he claims acquaintance with, he is nothing better than a common cheat who obtains money by false pretences, and as such he ought to be in the dock. If on the other hand he is what he claims to be, an employee of a particular stable, he is guilty of foul treachery to his employers.

One of Them.

One of the fraternity who is very active at present, apparently circulating offers broadcast to people whose names he has acquired through the recognised agencies, goes by the name of E. Hancock, and writes from "Grove, Wantage," as follows:

DEAR SIR,

I can send you some good winners. I am in a stable here and ride in the gallops. I know something extra good for next week and will send to you if you will put something on for me. Of course this is private. Yours obediently,

E. HANCOCK.

I will not send any horse unless it is well and out to win.

Except that we have taken some liberties with the punctuation and capitalisation of words, we give the letter as received. It is undated, and apparently is copied from time to time to be sent to possible new clients by the enterprising E. Hancock. We do not know who E. Hancock is, or how far he speaks truth when he says he rides in the gallops of one of the stables in the Wantage district, but we think his letter worthy of a wider publicity than he is able to give it.

If he is an impostor trying to make the racing public believe he has access to good information which he is willing to sell on his rather vague terms, it is right that possible victims should know they are being imposed on.

If on the other hand E. Hancock does ride for any of the stables in the Wantage area, it is right that his employers should know they are dealing with a traitor who thinks it good business to offer to sell such secrets as he can glean in the course of his employment.

Buying a Pup.

It is as well that those into whose hands the offer of "E. Hancock"

Nursery Season

are Named—7 to 4 Against Donoghue

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Tarpon.—The severe finish of the July course at Newmarket beat this Sunstar gelding last time out. He should be backed the first time he appears on an easy course.

Bengal.—It is about time Hoggs' useful four-year-old received a *reasonable* drop in the handicap. I have noticed his running once or twice this season. He is certain to win races.

Manna.—This Beckhampton hot-pot—6 to 4 on—lost the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown owing to swerving. He would have won the race nine times out of ten. Back the colt next time out.

Dervish.—On several occasions I have drawn attention to the horses which enter Dale's stable in a crippled state, undergo his sea-water cure, and come back to win races. Dervish is the latest advertisement for the Seaford trainer. He won easily at Sandown and should be followed each way in selling handicaps.

Silver Idol.—The Stockbridge people have been disappointed by the displays of the son of Juggernaut. I watched his running at Newmarket and he was going so well towards the end of his race that I am certain his number will be at the top of the frame before long.

Sproughton Lady Filly. — This youngster was not fancied by her connections when beaten by Rodeo, but she ran well. She will win soon.

Harpenden.—At his best this Sunstar horse is a good one, but this season his day had been a long time coming. Harry Cottrill has, at last, got him into shape and he should be followed consistently. He will turn up at a nice price.

Main Royal.—This little fellow is coming back to form. Make a note of him for selling handicaps.

Look Up Filly.—I advised readers to follow this daughter of Ultimus, after I saw her run third at 20 to 1 at A.P. She went two better last week when she won at the nice price of sevens. I think she will win again.

Bachelor's Fort.—This mare had an unfamiliar jockey up last time out and I fancy the mile was a trifle too far for her. Back her each way over seven furlongs.

Imparat and Magnum Bonum.—Make a note of these two youngsters. They were both short-headed last time out.

Maple Sugar.—My code selection for the Belvoir Castle Handicap at Leicester was unlucky to be beaten by Clansman. The filly would have won in another stride. Give her another chance.

The Prude's Fall.—Renwick will be winning another race with this mare before long. She was my code selection for the Garfin Handicap at Lanark, and had no difficulty in wining.

Rosemullion.—Go on backing Sir Edward Hulton's young gelding. The two-year-old was only beaten a short head by Snip Snap. The latter has won all four of his races.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

O A K J C Y F G Q I N U P V

Z 2 E H B T D 3 W M R X L S

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. D 2 M N T K P D would read FAIRY ELF.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from July 30 to August 5, inclusive.

Secrets

Touting tipsters who defraud the public.

may fall should know that nothing "extra good" emanated from the Wantage district in any of the recent weeks for which this promise has been made, so there may after all be something wrong with the information which this rider in gallops purveys to those who will pay for it.

It might be well if the few trainers in the Wantage district were to make it their business to find out whether they have in their employment such a traitor as this circular makes out Hancock to be.

Trainers and Tipsters.

We do not for a moment suggest that any trainer at Wantage could be in league with a tipster of this type, but while on the subject would like to warn followers of racing that there is now in existence an unscrupulous type of trainer who is not above resorting to methods of this sort, putting up dummies who offer to sell stable secrets on the odds to a fixed sum basis.

The object is of course clear. These stables find it pays better to let the "mugs" back their horses every time they run, so that when they win the stable can always be sure of getting something from the honest backers, and losers cost the connections no more than the cost of circularising the dupes who take all the gambling risks.

Let Us Know the Facts!

It is unthinkable that trainers like Charles Morton, F. Tash, or J. Clement, would tolerate for a moment any attempt on the part of any person in their employment acting in the manner of "E. Hancock," and it is intolerable that any one should be able to exploit association with a Wantage stable in this way.

If there is no such person as "E. Hancock" employed by any of the Wantage trainers, it is equally important that the fact should be established, and if the trainers interested want to probe the matter we can supply them with a specimen of the letters circulated by "Hancock."

The Baron of Sunday News says:

No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "Generous."

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NO LIMIT ON ANYTHING.
1/3rd odds a place, 5, 6 or 7 runners.
WEEKLY ACCOUNTS. SYSTEMS.
Daily Settlements.

Send your commissions in your own way. That is our way. Winnings by return. Write for our book of rules and benefits.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE
ESTABLISHED 28 YEARS.

Wonderful, but True

A. H. WESTWOOD,
YORK PLACE,
EDINBURGH,

Guarantees that winnings reach his clients on the day of race. Full particulars, rules, ready reckoner, etc., are contained in the "Little Blue Book," a copy of which he will gladly send to applicants.

ABSOLUTELY NO LIMIT

J. McLAUCHLAN,
54, Gordon Street, Glasgow.
Established 32 years.

You are on by Letter
if time post-marked (not in code) by advertised time of race (Registers 15 mins).

NO LIMIT.
1/3rd the odds 1—2 if 5, 6 or 7 runners less than 5 runners Place stakes go on to win.
Credit Accounts opened on Approved References.
Special Credit Accounts
(No references required). Write for details. Rules on Application.

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For Credit Accounts Only.

"The little backers . . . crowd to the right man. The firm of D. COPE must surely be the most popular in the country."
R. & F. Outlook.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO
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25, North Albion St., GLASGOW
NO LIMIT. LETTER NO LIMIT
COMMISSION
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SARTOR RAINCOATS
REDUCED SALE PRICE 17/6 CARRIAGE PAID IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

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Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths'), and accurate Self-measurement Form. Examine them carefully and be convinced.

SEND NO MONEY
until you have seen the patterns, and are convinced that better value cannot be had FOR DOUBLE THE PRICE.
OUR GUARANTEE.—No SARTOR is sold without it. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the Coat back and we will refund your money IN FULL. Write NOW to—

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STAND No. H 256.
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PALACE OF INDUSTRIES,
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The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.
HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7 : 10 : 0 (Ladies' Model same price)
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Name.....
Address.....

STOMACH SUFFERERS SHOULD EAT SLOWLY.

Hurried meals are a fruitful cause of digestive pain, and stomach sufferers are advised to eat more slowly. But there are many people who take a reasonable time to eat their meals, yet suffer stomach pain just the same. Their need is Bisurated Magnesia—a pure, harmless remedy that instantly neutralises the pain-causing stomach acid. With the acid gone, normal healthy digestion takes place, and you feel splendidly, undeniably better day by day. Eminent doctors prescribe and recommend Bisurated Magnesia, hospitals use it, and chemists everywhere sell it at 1s. 3d. a package, either powder or tablet form. *Try it once and see the instant relief you get—there's nothing else one half so good!*

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SARTOLEUM Cork Linos and Oilcloths at bargain prices. BRITISH MADE. Perfect quality. Supplied DIRECT only. **CORK LINO, 3/-** per sq. yd. **OILCLOTHS, 2/-** per sq. yd. **WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS** and beautifully illustrated Catalogue. **SEND NO MONEY.** **FLOORCOVERINGS Ltd.** (Dept. 38), Sartor House, Derby Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

New Life Free

to Weak, Weary, Run-down, Nervous, Pallid, Exhausted, Despondent Men and Women. Thyroid GLANDETS ensure speedy, lasting restoration of Youth, Health, Energy, Strength, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never Fail. Great Discovery. No Drugs, but life-giving gland extracts. Prescribed by leading Physicians. Free Trial for postcard. Write to-day. Percival Productions Ltd 67 St. Albans

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HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

Gives quick relief from Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, etc.
1/6 a tin at all chemists.

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FINEST GRAMOPHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD.

Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x14x7½in) Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive, finest quality Sound Box. Price: £3 : 16 : 0

Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- Money back if disappointed.

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Our Letter Parliament

Childbirth Without Pain!

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Light at Last!

It is a hopeful sign that doctors are at last beginning to devote their attention to the scandal of avoidable deaths in childbirth, and I welcome your contributor's article as a step in the right direction. If motherhood continues to exact such a terrible toll, women in increasing numbers will refuse to undergo the risk, especially now that knowledge of birth-control methods is widespread. And who will blame them?—*Mere Man.*

Instruction for Men.

Husbands should certainly know more about the care of their wives before childbirth. The clinics have done much for the young wife and mother, but it would be a far greater step towards the safety and health of our mothers and children if means were provided to give young husbands a sound course of instruction on the subject. Men would not care to attend classes or clinics, but cheap or free literature from the Ministry of Health would do the trick.—*Working Man, Bradford.*

Old Wives' Tales.

It is well that Dr. Haydn Brown should give to women a clear statement of the case for childbirth. I have long suspected that the "terrors" were more mental than physical, and the birth of my first child last year clearly bore out this theory. In most cases the woman allows herself to become a victim to her fears, and what should be a perfectly natural act becomes little short of a nightmare. Wives, don't listen to the "Old Wives' Tales" of pain!—*Mrs. Elsie Forster.*

Hope for Women.

If what your contributor says is true, then there is hope for thousands of women. The myth of the "untold agony" of childbirth has been allowed to grow to such an extent that personally I know many girls who are quite determined that, because of this, they will never have children. They will thus deprive themselves of the greatest thing a woman can have, and do incalculable harm to themselves and to the race. A clear realisation that most of the pain is *mental* should be had by every woman.—*T. L. P., Glasgow.*

The Path of Pain.

It is appalling to think that so many women lose their lives annually in childbirth, while many thousands are left after the ordeal with indifferent health, often becoming victims of maladies which drag them down into early graves. Surely every doctor with common-sense must realise that the time is at hand when this ghastly state of affairs must be remedied. Women are entitled to every consideration at this time, and the hitherto thorny way should be, if not a path of roses, at least one upon which the most timid should not be afraid to tread.—*M. B., Pittenweem.*

Dress to Blame.

One should observe the simplicity and freedom exercised by the lower animals in carrying out, unaided, the natural process of birth. Much of our interference with Nature can be put down to the fashionable requirements of the woman of to-day. Not a little importance could be attached to the recent statement by Sir Herbert Barker regarding the wearing of abnormally high-heeled shoes, and their deterrent effect on the abdominal organs. I would also suggest that the prospective *father* should avail himself of the sound advice contained in any medical dictionary.—*W. P.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Sweet Dream.

As one who married in entire ignorance of all the important facts relating to childbirth, and who suffered untold agonies in anticipation and at the birth of my first child, I appreciate the article by Dr. Haydn Brown. Working women not knowing anything of the various parts and functions of the body—struggle through these difficult times without the aid of a doctor. The other part of your contributors' article is like a pleasant dream.—*M. S. M.*

Cancer Causes.

I do not agree with Mr. J. Ellis Barker re the cause of cancer. Where I live, here in the country, the disease is most prevalent. People grow all their own vegetables, have their own fruit, milk, butter and eggs, seldom or ever baker's bread is bought, and tinned meat, fruit or fish, to my own knowledge, has never entered the homes where cancer is and has been. So I think Mr. J. Ellis Barker will have to find some other cause for the disease, at least for this part of the country.—*G. H., Westmeath.*

A Brighter Envelope.

The Wembley postage stamp makes one wonder why we never have pictorial stamps similar to those issued by our Colonies. A stamp with the sign of Empire, the King's head, and a view of Windsor Castle, the Houses of Parliament, or a seascape (say of Plymouth Sound) would be an interesting innovation.—*V. E. Beard, Fallowfield, Manchester.*

State-owned Liquor.

State ownership is the practical solution of the liquor problem. Let us have in every town and village social or recreation centres where, while alcoholic drink is obtainable, it is not pushed to the front as the only article supplied. Let there be other refreshments with opportunities for open-air as well as indoor games and other amusements. The State alone can do this adequately; the Carlisle scheme provides evidence of its financial practicability.—*E. J. Taylor, London, W.*

Printers' Pie

(*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."*)

"THE SCHOOL FRIEND": — "Miss Primrose, smiling, was by the pavilion, and she HELD HER HANDS TO HER EARS, and WAVED down the more enthusiastic ones."

"ABERDEEN PRESS & JOURNAL":— "The Budget proposes to abolish the 50 per cent. duty on DRIED WATERS."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY": — "She saw the form of the girl in black STRETCHED on the ground on the other side of the stile—still and silent. And the girl had fallen in a HUDDLED HEAP."

"EASTERN DAILY PRESS":—"For sale, Black Pony, " years, quite sound, pass all nuisances been driven by lady round about; RUBBER TYRES."

"ST. FRANKS MAGAZINE": — "A stealthy footstep THUNDERED towards the tent door."

"THE DAILY CHRONICLE":—"One of the performers was SEATED RUNNING AWAY."

Husbands by Post.

Surely, apart from any criminality, and even in the most bona-fide cases, there is a sordid cold-bloodedness about advertising for a life partner as one would advertise for a clerk or mechanic. Nowadays there is not the slightest need for such methods. Dances, tennis-clubs, and a dozen other social functions, open practically to everybody, afford plenty of opportunities for legitimate meetings. As your contributor hints, the man who advertises for a wife is nearly always a fool or an adventurer.—*P. Barry,* 31, *Regent Square, W.C.*

Workmen's Compensation.

From the reading of "Casualties of Peace" one would imagine that the maximum sum payable under the Workmen's Compensation Acts in case of fatal accidents is £300. This, as a general statement, is not correct, and as the subject is of great importance to the working classes, I wish to point out the misstatement. If a widow is left with dependent children under the age of fifteen years, the maximum amount of compensation payable is as follows:—(*a*) £300 for the widow, and (*b*) £300 for the children, or a total payment not exceeding £600 in all.—*Albert Jones.*

Walking Fashion Plates.

Your article condemning the pernicious and extravagant so-called "aristocratic" minority who adorn their bodies with every fancied foible that money can buy, is but the expression of the thoughts of the great majority of this nation, many of whom at the present time, are unable to cover their nakedness with the cheapest cotton rags. The Press that panders and flatters the base and ignorant folly of those walking fashion-plates deserves the contempt and aversion of all those who have Britain and the interests of her suffering millions at heart.—*Miss M. Redican, Pontefract.*

Early Closing.

Obviously, H. K. W., Bristol, is not a shop-keeper or assistant. I am. Before the Early Closing Act we had to stand waiting until the last few minutes when we would get the usual "last-minute" rush. Now, the same trade is done in the shorter hours. The shift system would work in the large stores, but in the small shops the same old drudgery would return—midnight closing for the same wages. The working class, now on 48 hours, have ample time for shopping and do not, as H. K. W. imagines, add to their savings by being unable to purchase their requirements.—*H. J. Looky, London, E.*

Pension Points.

We have received a reply from the Minister of Pensions to our recent Open Letter in which we asked him to "rescind the order lengthening the working week at the Ministry's Convalescent Centres." Mr. Roberts points out that the object of the recent instruction was not to lengthen the working week, but to fix a uniform maximum number of working hours for all centres. Prior to the issue of the order the maxima had varied as between the different centres from 27½ to 32½ hours a week. They are now fixed at 30 hours a week, with a break each morning of 15 minutes, the actual maximum being thus 28½ hours per week. Mr. Roberts adds that Convalescent Centres are intended for men who still require treatment for their disabilities but are fit to undergo preliminary training for a new occupation.—*Editor, "J. B."*

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The World-Famous Jockey.
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If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

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FLANNEL SUIT	**WORSTED SUIT**	**BLUE SERGE SUIT**
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Your half-crown has 10 chances of winning £1,000

Ten first prizes of £1,000 each! If you are on the winning list, even if you are only tenth man (or woman), you get £1,000. And the very half-crown you have in your purse now may perhaps be the one to do the trick. In any case, ten times a thousand pounds to half-a-crown is something worth going after.

TEN 1st Prizes of £1,000 EACH and several hundred other prizes.

To help the Hospitals

The British Empire Ballot. Organised by the British Charities Association (President, THE VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD) to raise funds for the British Voluntary Hospitals.

The Ballot will only be opened for a short time, so take your tickets at once.

TICKETS 2/6 or 5 for 10/-

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I enclose £.....s.....d. and stamped addressed envelope.

Please send me.....Ticket(s).

Name.....

Address .....

J.B.2

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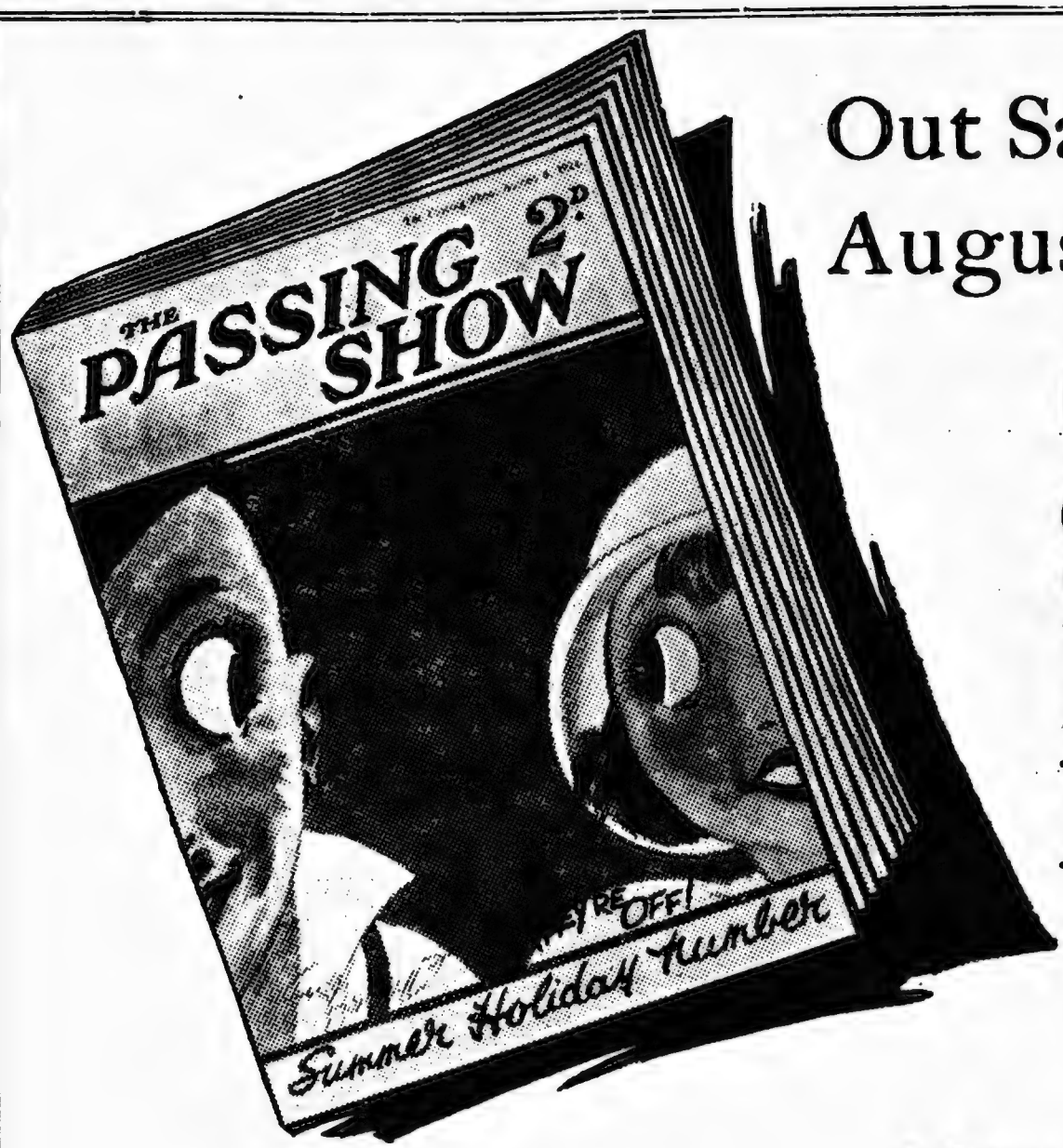
Postal Orders and Cheques should be made payable to the British Charities Association and crossed "& Co."



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Grand Summer Holiday Number

AT THE USUAL PRICE OF

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HURRY UP !
HURRY UP !

This number is sure to make a big hit. It will go with a bang. Order your copy *now*.—Twopence.

HERE'S the Summer Holiday Number that fairly beats the band for sheer good value ! And look at the contents ! All for 2d. ! 36 Pages bubbling over with tip-top holiday humour ! Over a score of splendid joke drawings ! Fifteen clever articles and stories ! Pages of jests and smart gossip ! And to crown all, a wonderful two-colour cover that will be the talk of the country ! Ask your newsagent to reserve you a copy of this splendid number—out Saturday next. Take it with you on your holiday.

In the meantime, in case you are impatient, get this week's issue of the "Passing Show." It will keep you happy while you wait !

THE PASSING SHOW 2D

BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST HUMOROUS WEEKLY.

Motoring for the Million

The Holiday Adventure

by MOTOMAC

THE week-end means for many the beginning of the Summer holiday. This year more than ever will be taking to the open road. For some it is their first adventure into nowhere in particular, and when that thought comes uppermost, well, one more Commandment crashes.

There is no feeling quite the same as that first start in the freshness of the morning, neither knowing nor caring where the night will be spent. My only advice is to keep away from big towns or fashionable resorts. With a car it is just as easy to sleep ten or twenty miles away, and generally cheaper.

If you have set your heart on any particular area, Devonshire, Norfolk Broads, Lake District or Scotland, waste no time in getting there, but once on the ground, dawdle along, for after all you are on holiday where time has lost its terror.

EXPERIENCE in other years has convinced me that there is always, within a car ride, somewhere to sleep. This year, owing to our overseas visitors, it may be a little more difficult. They have done Wembley and London, and they might just be looking over that part of rural England where you happen to be. It might be advisable to think about quarters for the night during the tea interval. Phone to the place of your choice, the new Dunlop book will be a very useful help in selecting a hotel. Make no arrangements beyond that, for a tour timed to a minute loses most of its charm.

There is no need even to bother about garages. It seems ridiculous that a car which is exposed to every inclemency throughout the day should be so carefully housed at night. Any old place will do, so long as you are not causing what the policeman calls an obstruction.

For a car in regular commission no special preparation should be necessary for even a long tour. It will be well greased everywhere, of course, including springs. If you are going to do a thousand or fifteen-hundred miles before you return, start with good tyres. Weak ones can be taken or left in the garage and replaced and run off on your return. I risk running them off on tour myself, but that is because I know that I would never replace them. It has resulted in my coming home with ill-assorted tyres, for the garage man miles from nowhere has often a very mixed stock, and you are compelled to take what he has got.

One other advice. If the weather be very hot, make long stops at meal times. You may not need them; the modern engine is too well-bred to overheat even after many miles, but no tyre can escape heating from constant friction. In fact, if there be a hose handy when you stop for lunch, turn it on the tyres before you order a quencher for yourself. More stops are due to tyre trouble than engine trouble nowadays.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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Standard Tourer	£210
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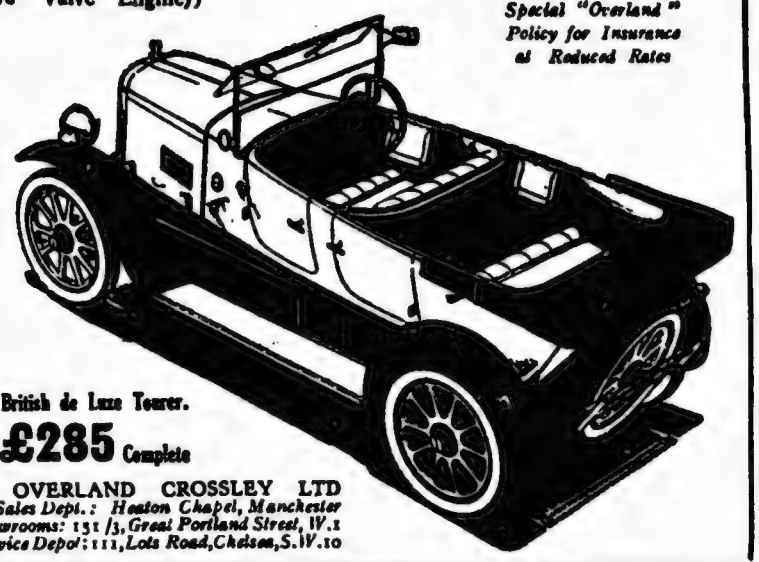

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John Bull's Letter Bag

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page 21.*

A. T. (Hatfield).—"There's always a way out." Always. If you call here, we'll show it to you.

Mrs. W. (Walworth).—"There is no shame in being poor." No; but you get little credit if you are.

D. K. (Holloway).—"Can you advise me on a fitting career for a girl?" A mannequin seems indicated.

P. Q. (Perranporth).—"Most married men have an object to work for." A great compliment to the wives!

B. A. (Malden).—"Children must have knowledge thrashed into them." It is clear that you were never thrashed.

T. S. (Reading).—"Women are always late at keeping appointments." But they generally "make up" for it.

G. M. (Toxteth).—"Every single profession is represented in the House of Commons." Except that of Statesmen.

TED (Hounslow).—"Whilst I was bathing in the sea I met the lady who is going to be my wife." That was a lucky dip.

O. E. (Barton).—"I'm always grumbling about my hard luck." Make sure your hard luck isn't the result of a soft time.

R. K. (Hounslow).—"I tell my tenant to go, but he pays no attention to me." That's a nuisance. He ought to take notice.

P. F. H. (Calder).—"Nobody should be given more than a month's holiday." Road-hogs, in our opinion, deserve much longer."

N. M. (Bath).—"Don't you think that summer friendships are quite all right?" They're quite all right—provided they're quite all right.

J. E. G. (Teddington).—"Is it wise for a playwright to take a call?" It all depends. If he's a very small man, and the gallery is a long way off, it might be safe.

D. H. J. (Manchester).—"If my neighbour's cock cackles in the morning, can I shoot it?" We cannot say. It all depends upon whether you are a good shot.

F. O. (Middlesbrough).—"It must be nice to be as free as a bird without responsibility." But even birds have the responsibility of settling their family "bills."

B. S. (Highgate).—"I hate pessimists! One ought to be glad merely to be living on the earth." We know one ought. But we can never be really cheerful ourselves unless our diet is at least bread-and-butter.

B. O. L. (Hove).—"Can you figure what our politicians are doing?" Yes. 0.

P. S. L. (Kew).—"Some songs haunt me." Then you shouldn't have murdered them.

T. C. R. (Aldershot).—"All my bets are made by telephone." Then you don't always get on.

L. V. B. (Manchester).—"Peace is at present a child in its cradle." Yes; showing its teeth.

S. W. G. (Bognor).—"My wife is six feet and a bit in height." Clearly a woman to look up to.

J. J. (Bury).—"I take my hat off to the panel doctor." Lots of people put their tongues out at him.

L. C. P. (Staines).—"I can tell at once if a glass of beer is out of condition." You must be an XXXpert.

M. N. K. (Ramsgate).—"Judge by the photograph enclosed. Do I or do I not squint?" The eyes have it.

G. Y. T. (Radnor).—"I listened-in the other night." We hear that the B.B.C. people are frightfully bucked.

AMY C. (Chelsea).—"I sang four songs to my fiancé the other night." If he really loves you, he won't bear any grudge.

R. M. D. (Leeds).—"Very often the milkman represents a bookmaker." Just the fellow to know the mugs and the cans too!

A. G. (Cookham).—"Country quiet! Ye gods! The crows keep me awake all night." Then you've caws for complaint.

S. L. (Halifax).—"I pick up many a piece of furniture for an old song." But you probably have to produce just the right notes.

H. H. (Gale).—"I am enclosing an article on the necessity of sleep." We must admit we couldn't resist your arguments.

M. D. (Hampstead).—"The public-house lounger cannot expect to get on in life." Still he usually turns out all right—at closing time.

C. P. (Plaistow).—"We get older every day." Letters like yours age us even quicker than that.

JACK D. (Willesden).—"I can read my sweetheart like a book." Is she of such a very plain type.

G. W. (Chester).—"Some girls should have their ears boxed." That's probably why they keep them out of sight.

P. S. (Bow).—"In the big stores children's toys seem to be getting dearer." And even the hawkers inflate the balloons.

V. R. (Chorlton).—"Don't judge the modern girl by her clothes." We should never dream of judging anyone on such flimsy evidence.

S. T. (Redhill).—"Sometimes I can't sleep until about two o'clock in the morning." Why not try writing a letter to yourself?

A. B. B. (Woking).—"I put on 6d. each way but it came in 11th." Probably the jockey lost his nerve when he heard of his responsibility.

D. H. (Camden Town).—"Some people who go to church and pray on Sundays are merely hypocrites." Yes; they prey on week days.

P. T. (St. Andrews).—"I am enclosing a few jokes that are not at all bad." No; for their age they are remarkably well preserved.

G. J. (Poole).—"Most flattery is quite insincere and does no good." Quite so. When mounting the ladder of fame, don't let anybody pull your leg.

W. McA. (Partick).—"At the next election you'll see the Communist party have a walk over." Don't be silly; We're more likely to see them on the run.

L. C. H. (Lossiemouth).—"Too much tennis is not good for young people." You think mixed doubles will play the deuce with their constitutions and lead them into a fast set?

G. S. (Liverpool).—"If you don't publish my story I'll know you don't recognise a good thing when you see it." It's a good story, all right—one of the best Mark Twain ever wrote.

T. T. (Buxton).—"Money talks." And its favourite saying is "Good-bye."

F. F. (Worthing).—"You must think I'm a perfect fool." No one is perfect.

N. E. (Matlock).—"I like a man of balance." Especially bank balance, eh?

W. S. (Dover).—"Steeplechasing is a mug's game." So many jumpers come unknit.

E. C. (Bognor).—"I'm very fond of music." We prefer it to popular songs ourselves.

K. T. (Holloway).—"If I were you I should have more sense." Of course you would.

P. W. (Paignton).—"My work consists of sharpening scissors and knives." It must be a regular grind.

W. B. (Exeter).—"And believe me I come from a good family." You seem to have come a long way.

G. H. (Stockport).—"My creed embraces everybody." We hope you've got everybody's permission.

MISS C. M. (New Cross). "Holidays are nice; but oh! the money they cost." Why owe it when you can win a *Bullets* Holiday Prize? There are seventy-five offered this week.

H. H. (Selby).—"There are too many things, nowadays, being sold in packets." We hope you don't object to having the trains in tubes?

S. T. L. (Fenning Stoke).—"I think a good many girls make themselves cheap." But there are quite a lot who are considered priceless.

J. T. (Billingshurst).—"Time every man in the country was up and doing." We shall certainly be down and done if we delay much more.

C. B. (Carfax).—"Do you think the doctors are right when they say kissing is dangerous?" Well, it's meant the end of many bachelors.

F. T. (Totnes).—"There is very little intelligence conveyed in the average letter." That's exactly what we thought when we read yours.

B. C. (Edmonton).—"Although my baby's only two she's got her mother's complexion." You shouldn't let a child of that age play with paints.

G. H. (Chorley).—"I could go to a post office and get myself delivered to your office." Then we'll have to order an out-size wastepaper basket.

MOLLY H. (Clacton-on-Sea).—"My life is spent in trying to keep up appearances." Most girls, however, spend all their time trying to cover up appearances.

C. C. (Altrincham).—"I have a difficult job in front of me." Then be thankful—thousands of unemployed would give anything to be able to say the same.

D. H. (Liverpool).—"I think it is a very wise decision that steeplechase jockeys should wear steel caps in future." It is untrue, however, that bookmakers are to turn out in spiked shoes and running shorts.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

LLOYD GEORGE:— It is a great mistake to imagine that verbal violence ends in physical violence.

Diplomatic truculence causes wars—as you should know well.

* * *

PHILIP SNOWDEN:—I expect this Government will be in office next year.

Optimism hurts no one: all the same you know an election is imminent.

* * *

C. P. TREVELYAN:—Labour ideals are concerned less in a rich life than a good one.

Maybe, but less idealism and more practicability would be a welcome change.

* * *

ISAAC FOOT:—Parliament is 20 years behind public opinion in the Bills it passes.

Which is another way of saying that Members are not really representatives.

EARL OF MIDDLETON:—We have reached a point when bureaucracy is sapping the independence of the people.

Agreed. Advise your fellow peers to leave democratic legislation alone.

* * *

SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS:—The real difficulty of the Government is that it is politically an imposture.

Did you ever know a Government that wasn't?

* * *

LADY MOORE:—The alien element is regulating the affairs of the country at present.

Bosh! Don't believe everything you read in the "Daily Mail."

* * *

J. A. PARKINSON:—The Labour Movement is the greatest the world has ever seen.

Its chief trouble is that it doesn't move.

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC PREPARATIONS

and their use.

IT is the harmlessness and power of 'Yadil' antiseptic in the following 'Yadil' preparations which ensures their ranking first and foremost in their class. For years we have been perfecting them. Every preparation plays a definite part in the great struggle for health and life which goes on incessantly from cradle to grave. All have been proved by medical test. It should be remembered that the statements made below are based on over seven years' medical experience.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC (in liquid form) for the complete internal and external disinfection of the human system. 2 oz., **2/9**; 6 oz., **4/9**; Pint **12/-**; Quart, **22/6.**

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC PILLS, odourless, tasteless. Three pills equal one teaspoonful of the liquid which is the standard dose for most complaints. The pills are an alternative method of administering 'Yadil' for internal disinfection and the price per bottle and per dose is the same as for the liquid. 50 pills, **2/9**; 150 pills, **4/9**; 500 pills, **12/-**; 1,000 pills, **22/6.**

'YADIL' PASTILLES. Pleasant to take. They clear and strengthen the voice. Invaluable for speakers, preachers, singers, actors, auctioneers, lecturers. The tin container is convenient for the pocket. Per tin..... **1/-.**

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT. Soothing and exerts a sustained antiseptic action. Invaluable for Skin diseases. For wounds, cuts, scratches. Prevents blood poisoning. Spread on burns, prevents blisters and stops pain instantly. Per tin..... **1/9.**

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC LUBRICANT. Contains 10 per cent. 'Yadil.' Non-greasy, non-caustic, can be removed with cold water. Makes chapped hands and roughened skin smooth as velvet overnight. Per tube..... **1/6.**

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC POWDER. Embodies an entirely new principle in toilet and dusting powders. Allays irritation. Soothes after shaving. Should be used to sprinkle socks and stockings in hot weather. Contains 10 per cent. 'Yadil' and is delicately perfumed with Lavender. In artistic containers with sprinkler top..... **1/6.**

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC TABLETS. A pleasant tasting Antiseptic sweet. Ensures after-dinner comfort. Packed in flat tins convenient for the waistcoat pocket. Per tin ..... **1/-.**

'YADIL' DENTAL CREAM. Contains 10 per cent. 'Yadil' but is exquisitely flavoured with pure natural essence of orange, prepared by ourselves. Leaves a sensation of freshness and cleanliness after use. Tightens the gums and prevents the formation of tartar. Every child likes it. A sensational success. Per tube..... **1/6.**

THE use of 'Yadil' Antiseptic in every disorder without exception would reduce the death rate by over 100,000 lives a year. It is one of the most valuable discoveries ever made for saving human lives. It is entirely of harmless vegetable origin, its active principle being natural essential oil of garlic. It never taints the breath.

I HAVE repeatedly been told by medical men that 'Yadil' and its preparations form a complete pharmacy sufficient to deal with every kind of disorder. All good chemists carry all the above lines in stock, and if sold out can obtain immediate renewals from the wholesaler.

THE YADIL BOOK, 288 pages, price 2/6, gives the correct treatment and diet in some 200 disorders. These treatments are based on medical experience in thousands of cases extending over more than seven years. Obtainable from all chemists, or sent post free on receipt of remittance. Do your best to get the preparation you want from your own chemist.

Prepared by

Clement & Johnson Ltd., *Research Medical Chemists*, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1

The word 'Yadil' is registered. W.B.P.

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have behind them the greatest skill and longest experience in the Industry.

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Warwick Roadster (Cord)	8 3	3 3
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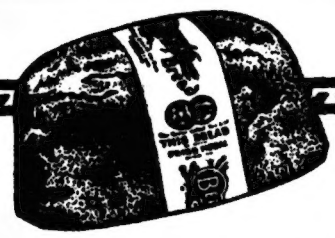

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Your baker will supply you with fresh "Bermaline" Bread daily.

For name of nearest "Bermaline" baker write Montgomerie & Co. Ltd., Ibrox, Glasgow.

At every meal—from breakfast time to supper time—we eat Bread. The crisp crust, fine texture, pleasing aroma and delightful flavour of "Bermaline" Bread are incomparable—it is all that good Bread should be. Just try it, you'll enjoy the change.

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RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS.

Neat, durable and resilient. A real protection from damp underfoot.

See the name WOOD MILNE on every pair.

Stocked by all Bootmen.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT COMPETE in "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

¶ Are *you* one of those who have looked at the "Bullets" page and have abandoned the idea of trying your hand because you think you are not clever enough?

¶ Are *you* one of those who, after tackling the examples, have given up the idea of competing because you cannot think of a good idea.

¶ If so *you* should buy the

COMPETITORS' JOURNAL

Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls. Every Saturday. PRICE 2d.

for it is the paper which for nearly 12 years has been helping people like you, and by dint of advice, help and guidance has brought them into the prize lists in a surprisingly short space of time.

¶ This week, for instance, the *examples* on the page opposite are dissected and ideas are given which will assist you in your endeavour to win that £500. Order the *Competitors' Journal* To-day.

"The 'C.J.' teaches the way!"

A specimen copy will be sent free on application to the Publisher, 115, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.

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Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes.

All Garments warranted of best make throughout. From 5/- monthly. The finest qualities, the most becoming fashions.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.

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Complete ranges of styles and Patterns of Costumes, Robes, Wraps, &c. Post Free. State which you require.

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BE LUCKY!

Thousands attribute their wonderful change in fortune solely to the mysterious powers of the Ju-Ju Nigerian Mascot. Read these extracts from genuine testimonials:—

"*I have struck four* 10 *to* 1 *winners.*" H. M., Newmarket.

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Place your trust in the **JU-JU** and success will surely follow. Get one now!

Money refunded if not approved.

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Also from Gamage's, London.

Skin Irritation

Quick Relief from Itching Rashes.

Distress caused by rashes, eruptions, eczema, pimples and rough or tender skin is at once soothed by Germolene, the Aseptic Skin Dressing.

Mr. Dellow's Statement.

Mr. Philip Dellow, of 19, Holyoak Road, Newington Butts, London, S.E., writes as follows: "For some years I have been troubled with a distressing rash upon my back. I have tried numerous ointments and other remedies, but none of them did me any good. I was eventually advised by a friend to try Germolene, and before I had used the first tin there was a remarkable difference, and as I continued the treatment the rash completely disappeared, and my skin is once again quite healthy. I should like everybody to know how Germolene has benefited me."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-**

Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Holidays Made Happier

Double Your Enjoyment by Sending Us a "Ninth"

THESE are weeks when the thoughts of thousands of our readers are turned towards their holidays.

For months past huge advertisement hoardings round about the railway stations in all the great cities and large towns which hum and throb like hives of industry thoughout the year have been ablaze with glowing colours picturing the glamour of the seaside and the glory of hill and dale.

Doubtless it has been a matter of some difficulty to decide, after comparing the attractions offered by a dozen different pleasure resorts, where to spend the fortnight of liberty which lures the jaded worker like an oasis in the desert.

But now everything has been arranged, the locality selected, the apartments booked, the wardrobe completed, and there seems to be nothing remaining except fine weather and freedom from any unforeseen domestic calamity to ensure a perfectly happy holiday.

YET reflect for a moment. Has it occurred to you that no selfish enjoyment can be perfect? May not your happiness be marred by the thought of thousands of poverty-stricken souls to whom the holiday season brings no relief from the ceaseless round of privation and suffering which makes life a burden to them?

Within a stone's throw of the station from which the train bears you off to the country or the seaside there are probably scores of families living below the poverty line, doomed to swelter through the heat of summer in fetid slums. Mothers sigh for a sight of green fields which are but a memory to them, and children who have never seen the sea play listlessly in the gutters with garbage. There is no hope of a holiday for them, for the breadwinner is out of work, and it is by way of being a treat when they get meat to eat once a week.

LAST year, at this time, we made an appeal to holiday-makers to send us subscriptions for "The Greatest of These—" Fund in order that we might brighten the lives of some of these poor submerged sufferers. Many readers sent us contributions in the form of a "Ninth" of their holiday railway fare, and we received ample evidence of the additional happiness which they experienced during their holidays as a result of their thoughtful unselfishness.

We cannot arrange seaside holidays for poor slum dwellers, but we endeavour to ensure nourishing food for those who are on the verge of starvation, clothing for those who are so reduced that they are too ragged to apply for employment, and medical comforts for those who are sick.

Send us just a "Ninth" of your railway fare before you depart for your holidays, and you will help us to relieve hundreds of cases of pitiable destitution and at the same time double your enjoyment.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Lochend," 2s. 6d.; Ninth of Pocket, 1s. 6d.; "Cymraes-yn-Werthon," 9d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 5s.; E. F. R., 1s. 6d.; A Ninth, 3d.; Good Luck (Handsworth), 11d.; "2968," 6d.; E. A. I., 1s. 3d.; Preston, 6d.; J. H. B., 6d.; One Ninth, 1s. 7½d.; Plymouth, 2s. 2d.; Mrs. A. Ray, 1s. 1d.; T. E. Thomas, 3s.; Mrs. A. F. Price, 1s.; W. D. Aitkin, 2s.; D. P. Williams, 6d.; G. Rasue, 6½d.; Kilnhurst Road, 1s.; M. Bonner, 6d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; A Ninth, E. S., 2s. 3d.; A. W. M. Gorton, 6d.; W. H. C., 1s. 4d.; Sapper's Ninth, 1s.; M. Smart, 1s. 1½d.; "Felix," 1s. 0½d.; Mrs. C. Johnson, 1s. 3½d.; T. Edwards, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; "Felix," 7½d.; 10158 E. Berks, 5½d.; 3/9ths (Dover), 6d.; Bullets Competitor, 1s. 10d.; Two "Nines" (Liverpool), 2s.; Mrs. J. Baker, 1s.; Bullet Competitor, 6d.; "Bonnie Dundee," 1s.; "Jumping Joshua," 2s.; Bernard, 6d.; A. E. U., 1s.; W. F. C., 9½d.; 1/9th (Lowdham), 1s.; T. B. Dn., 2s. 6d.; Lancastrian's 9th, 1s. 1d.; "Helping Hand," 9½d.; Welling, 9d.; Scotch Lassie's 9th, 5s.; F. J. G. (Chorley), 3s. 6d.; J. Renrut, 1s.; Enfield, 9d.; Sherwood, 1s.; A. K. D. (Anerley), 11s. 3d.; Mrs. E. Rayner, 9½d.; "Adelaide," 5s.; Whitton, 1s.; W. B. O., 1s.; Constant Reader, 1s. 9d.; "A Ninth's Receipts," 7d.; 9th of a Wager, 7d.; E. F. S., 1s. 2d.; "Nil Desperandum," 5s.; B. Morgan (Bullets 525), £2; "Swear-box," 2s. 6d.; The Spell, 4½d.; Hopeful, 6d.; Hopeful Ninth, 1s. 1d.; Long Tom, 6d.; C. L., Housden, 1s. 9d.; A. Dean, 3d.; "Artastes," 5s.; W. R. May, £2 2s.; "My second Ninth," E. C. Rees, 2s. 6d.; "The Crosby," 1s.; Miss Blancho Heys, 6d.; "Faith, Widnes," 1s. 5d.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; A. T. (Aberdeen), 2s. 6d.; Frenchwoman (Toulouse), 2s. 6d.; A. L. F., 1s.; "Felix," 1s.; 2/9ths from Margaret and William, 2s.; Mrs. Harding 1s.; J. H. Still, 2s.; A. D. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; "John Bull" Admirer," 11s. 9d.; Mrs. Hodgson, 6d.; Mrs. C. Truman, 5d.

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

(Continued from page 31.)

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"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 528 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 531 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 528.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500:

Mr. B. CHAMBERLIN, 51, Chetwynd Street, Nottingham.

Example :—A Day At Wembley
Bullet :—Firm Pays—Pays Firm.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. L. S. TAYLOR, 6, Selsdon Road, West Norwood, S.E.
Example :—Time To Stop
Bullet :—Age Wants—Youth Hasn't.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. H. I. GODFREY, 4, Springfield Road, New Southgate, N.
Example :—By The Sea
Bullet :—There's Much "Wasted Energy."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. BETTS, 26, Saxby Street, Leicester.
Example :—By The Sea
Bullet :—Youngsters Setting Government Example.

FIFTH PRIZE £25:

Mr. F. J. HICHENS, Polkyth Road, St. Austell, Cornwall.
Example :—Parliament
Bullet :—Constitutional "Fabric" Liberty "Wove."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 Prizes of £3 each:

J. W. Carter, "The Field," Stone, near Aylesbury, Bucks.
When She Bathes—Auntie Apparently Wears Tent.
G. Colfs, 3, Holly Terrace, Staplegrove, Taunton.
An American—Modern Salesman—Antique Buyer.
I. Evans, c/o S. Hilton & Sons, Ltd., 107, High Street, Godalming.
Woman's Hour—I'd Like For Dinner-time.
F. M. Jones, 1, Victoria Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
No Baby—Annoys Neighbour With Twins.
G. Locke, 268, Bath Street, Glasgow.
Big Fish—Escaped—Angler's Friends Didn't.
M. O'Kelly, 37, Kilieen Road, Rathmines, Dublin.
All Too Short—"Minutes" Of Lovers' "Melting."
A. W. Maskell, 26, Woolwich Common, Woolwich, S.E.
Without Money—Restaurant Odours Seem Stronger.
W. J. Sartin, 2, Malthouse, Guy Road, Beddington, Croydon.
"I Will!"—Where Germany Copies Bride.
F. Sharpe, 3, Inner Street, Grantham, Lincs.
Without Money—Or With, We're "Worried."
Mrs. A. Swingler, 19, Bunn's Lane, Dudley, Worcs.
What Telegram Said—Took Jock Hours Condensing.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

R. Allen, c/o Mrs. McKee, Eden, Carrickfergus.
What Made Him—Common Clay—Uncommon Grit.
A. Ashley, 360, Bordesley Green, Birmingham.
What Is A Home?—Space Lodgers Don't Use.
A. Goundry, 28, Tennyson Terrace, Crook, Co. Durham
Improving—Prisons, Makes Homeless Thoughtful.
J. G. Jubb, c/o McFalls Temperance Hotel, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim.
Our Climate—Wiping Forehead—Or Boots.
Mrs. R. McBain, 103, Dunban Road, Watford.
When She Bathes—"Horrid Man" Looks Elsewhere.
J. Rew, 21, Dudley Street, Wolverhampton.
Simple—Our Faith—Their Medicine.
Gunner T. Royle, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich, S.E.
Woman's Hour—Mending, Nipper's Moment Undoes.
J. M. Shopland, 3, Thomas Street, Stokes Croft, Bristol.
If Labour Fails—"Platform" Soon Becoming "Raft."
A. Vint, 17, Tillard Street, Liverpool.
A Good Day's Work—Mistress Wired "Home To-morrow."
Mrs. C. S. Williams, 315, Cherry Lane, Walton, Liverpool.
Parliament—Hasn't Earned Holidays Yet.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

F. Alcock, Station View, Wendling, Norfolk; F. J. Bailey, c/o Mrs. Dewe, Littlemore, Nr. Oxford; F. Baker, 91a, High St., Tewkesbury, Glos.; J. Beecroft, 43, Hartington Terr., Lidget Green, Bradford; D. Blair, 56, South Rd., Newhaven; W. E. Boardman, 51, St. Mary's Rd., Leyton; Miss E. Boyden, 8, Chameleon Rd., Tottenham, N.; D. Boyle, 82, Dee St., Belfast; T. Bradley, 39, Westwick St., Ilkeston, Derbys.; B. L. Broadbent, The Hostel, Saltaire, Yorks.; R. M. Browne, St. Luke's Vicarage, Kew Gardens; Miss E. Bryan, 14, Elwin St., Bethnal Green, E.; W. J. Cain, 41, Ledbury Rd., London, W.; Miss M. Cantrell, 114, Alexandra Rd., Norwich; F. Carr, 6, Seymour Av., Clayton, Manchester; Mrs. W. Challinor, Bridge Cottage, Pontesford, Salop; J. A. Chittock, Lower Green, Felsham, Bury St. Edmunds; Mrs. G. B. Coates, 16, Thurlow Rd., Torquay; Mrs. G. M. Connors, "Lynwood" Lewis Rd., Neath, Glam.; N. Conrath, 335, Lea Bridge Rd., Leyton; F. Cook, 75, Frederic St., Hartlepool; J. Cowley, 150, Sutherland Rd., Pitsmoor, Sheffield; Mrs. E. M. Cox, 3, Hedgeley Terr., Walker Estate, Newcastle; Mrs. A. M. Cropper, 27, Station Rd., Chesterfield; R. H. Davies, 29, Cawton St., Newcastle; W. Mitford Davies, Star Stores, Caerwen, Anglesey; J. Dipper, 11, Poynder Rd., Tilbury; Mrs. F. Diss, "Bramble-Side" Luxford Rd., Lindfield Sussex; J. Doyle, 1, John St.,

(Continued in next column)

75 AUGUST HOLIDAY PRIZES 75

'BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE £500

2nd. Prize £100

3rd. Prize £50

4th. Prize £30

5th. Prize £20

100 PRIZES OF £1

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £15

50 HOLIDAY FARES OF £2.2.0

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10

200 Prizes of 5/- 500 Prizes of 2/6 4,000 'Target' Prizes

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 531.

THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY
AFTER THE MEETING
SEASIDE KNUT
ROUND THE WORLD
M.P.
CHOOSING HIS PARTNER
HAPPY
AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE
SPOILT BEAUTY
IMPROVES WITH AGE
IN BRIEF
GOOD FOR TRADE
HOW TO LIVE LONG
UPHILL FIGHT
ROOM FOR EVERYBODY
AMBITIOUS
TURNING BACK
WITHOUT A HUSBAND
FIRST LIE
AT THE AUCTION
WHAT THE BRIDEGROOM SAID
WET OR DRY
AS WE GROW OLDER
HER RETORT
IN MODERATION
WHY HE WINKED
AN ILLUSION
WHILE LOVE LASTS
NO NEED TO ASK
ROUND OF PLEASURE
TOO MUCH MONEY
WHAT IS A HOLIDAY?

(Continued from previous column).

Rhyl, N. Wales; Mrs. Drinnan, 25, Princes St., Govan, Glasgow; Miss H. C. Elder, 184, Blackness Rd., Dundee; Miss F. Evans, 8, Bennett St., Hr. Broughton, Manc.; W. Everitt, Malgrave Castle Gdns., Whitby; T. S. Fairbairn, 7, Holmend, Moffat, Dumfriesshire; T. S. Feakins, 3, Granaden Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W; C. Fenn, 35, Victoria Rd., Alexandra Park N; Mrs. E. Findlay, 57, Fitzgerald Rd., Old Swan, L'pool; F. Foster, 22, Knavesmire Cres., York; A. Frankland, 44, Oxford Rd., Guiseley, Nr. Leeds; W. Gibson, 3, Stanley St., Close House, Nr. Bishop Auckland; T. Gutsell, Coggins Mill, Mayfield, Sussex; R. Hargreaves, 106, Rappart Rd., Seacombe, Ches.; H. Harper, 32, Westwood Rd., Nottingham; D. W. Harris, 175, Cross Rd., Coventry; Mrs. R. Hirst, Hollybank, Watson St., Morley, Nr. Leeds; P. S. James, 169, Rosendale Rd., West Dulwich, S.E.; T. M. Justin, 30a, Warwick St., London, S.W.; C. Kenworthy, Piper Holes, Marsden, Huddersfield; C. E. Kille, 8, Friday St., Minehead, Som.; F. Lee, 21, Washington Terr., North Shields; Mrs. L. Lemmy, 71, Brougham Rd., Seacombe, Ches.; H. Lewis, 1, Mount Hill St., Aberaman, Aberdare; Cpl. H. Linley, Military Mounted Police, Cologne, B.A.O.R.; W. C. Long, 19, Cowbridge Rd., Cardiff; C. Ludlow, Hop-pole Cottage, Harvington, Nr. Evesham. A. M. Macdonald, 33, Rowallan Gdns., Broomhill, Glasgow; H. Macmillan, c.o. "China Warehouse" Shoe Lane, Inverness; J. McNeill, 50, Queens Park Av., Glasgow; Mrs. H. Malkin, 15, Hawthorne Pl., Armley, Leeds; J. H. Mason, 59, Rosegrove Lane, Burnley; J. Matthews, 49, Sidwell St., Exeter; E. Montellier, 105, Sydney St., Chelsea, S.W; E. J. Montandon, Collins Hill, Tudeley, Tonbridge, Kent; Mrs. H. Morgan, 88, Stackpool Rd., Bristol; F. Ogden, 40, King St., Middleton, Manc.; L. Oliver, 54, North View, Westbury Park, Bristol; I. Parkes, 4, Cross St., Dudley, Worcs.; J. Pitts, 62, Stainsby Rd., Poplar, E.; M. H. Potter, 3, Watcombe Terr., Rowharton, Taunton; Mrs. D. Sayers, The Stores, North Warnborough.

(Continued on page 33)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—Seems All Wrong *Bullet*:—Purse Deciding School Age.
Example:—Our Drink *Bullet*:—Is "Dear"—America's "Departed."
Example:—A Big Crowd *Bullet*:—Seeing Bridegroom Doesn't Escape.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 531, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
531) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
531) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(531) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 14.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
531) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 532.

ON THE SANDS—OUR VIEW—TIME TO TALK—MY AIM—GOING TO WORK—USEFUL—DAWN OF LIFE—A TYRANT—STEP BY STEP—OVERDOING IT—WHAT WE'RE TOLD—WON'T LAST—WHEN WIFE RETURNS—POORER NOW—WAY WE'RE LED—FOLLY—WHAT SHE FORGETS—EXPENSIVE HOLIDAY—AWAY FROM THE OFFICE—WHAT IS A PESSIMIST?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY AUGUST 21.** All coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **532** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **532**, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. **531.**

Monkey Brand's
a willing worker;
He will ne'er be
found a shirker,
Pastry boards and pots of metal
He maintains in perfect fettle

The reason why Monkey Brand is the most economical of all household cleaners is because it is concentrated in solid cake form.

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WON'T WASH CLOTHES

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO. LTD.

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